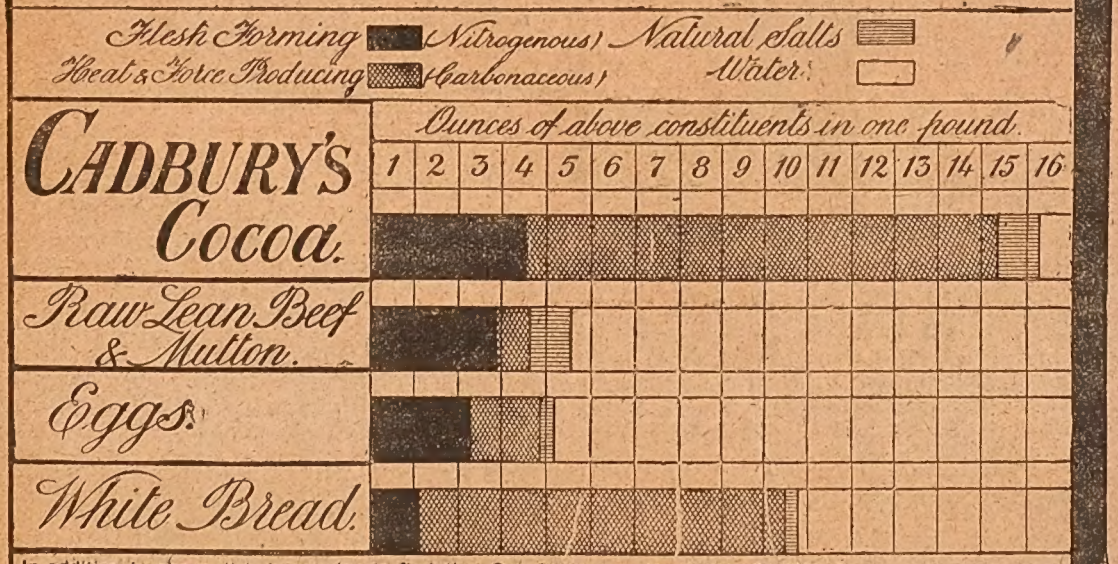
SHORT STORIES

EDITED BY C. ARTHUR PEARSON (OF PEARSON'S WEEKLY)

No. 440. FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 5TH, 1897. [ONE PENNY.

ANALYSIS OF FOODS


Flesh Forming (Nitrogenous)
Heat & Force Producing (Carbonaceous)
Natural Salts
Water
Ounces of above constituents in one pound.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16
CADBURY'S Cocoa.
Raw Lean Beef & Mutton.
Eggs.
White Bread.

In addition to above, it is interesting to find that One Shillingsworth of CADBURY'S Cocoa contains as much nourishment as can be obtained for Three Shillings spent on some of the best Meat Extracts.

PURE COCOA is a perfect food—the addition of drugs only deteriorates it.
The **LANCET** *says:* "**CADBURY'S Cocoa** *represents the standard of highest purity.*"

CADBURY'S COCOA

"Imparts new life and vigour to growing children."

"Contains in a condensed and increased form all the full nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean."—THE ANALYST.

CADBURY'S COCOA

"Contains in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance that give the system endurance and hardihood."—HEALTH.

"Light, refreshing, and invigorating to the jaded mind and body."—FAMILY DOCTOR.

Digitized by Google

WANTED EVERY HOUSEWIFE TO

MAKE PRIME BEER AT HOME

(NON-INTOXICATING) with

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS.

A Sixpenny Bottle of this Extract will make 8 gallons splendid

BEER.

TRY IT.

The Best Beverage to take with your Meals.

Important testimonial from a Station-master.

"CHURCH ROAD WEST,
"HANWELL, W.

"DEAR SIRS,

"I have been using your Extract of Herbs the last ten months or so, and I have derived such great benefit from it I thought you would perhaps be pleased to hear from me. All my life I suffered much from Indigestion, but since the first time I used your Extract I have not had a single touch of it, and I am over 71 years of age. I have resided in Chester, Clitheroe, Birkenhead, Manchester, and Bolton, and no place altered my Indigestion. I must give your Extract the credit for the relief.

"Yours truly,
"JAMES RYCROFT."

(Station-master at Clitheroe in 1852; in Goods Office, G.W.R., Shrewsbury, 1854 till 1857; in General Manager's Office, under J. Grierson, Wolverhampton, in 1857; at Chester, connected with Mr. Grierson, 1858 till 1864; at Paddington, 1865, and Station-master, Ross, Hereford, till 1885.)

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE, 9 STAMPS, 2 FOR 15 STAMPS.

NEWBALL & MASON,
NOTTINGHAM.
Makers of Mason's Coffee Essence.
AGENTS WANTED.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,
Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,
Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

ANNUAL SALE SIX MILLION BOXES.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

ADVERTISERS should write for particulars of Special Positions

"SIMPLY SPLENDID."—See Testimonials.

Lake's Complexion Pilules.

WONDERFUL RESULTS. LONG KNOWN.

These Celebrated Pilules contain no Poison. Certain cure for Pimples and other Skin Eruptions; also for Indigestion. Restore and Preserve Health. Give tone to Nerves, fragrance to Breath, delicate and beautiful bloom to Complexion. Price 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d., of all Chemists; or sent post free, in sealed envelopes, for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 10d., by Patentee's Agents:

FRANKS & CO., 59, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

THE DEAF HEAR

The New Patent SOUND DISCS

Completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible. Comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

The L. R. WALES CO., 62 & 63, New Bond St., London, W.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION

Ensured and a youthful and beautiful skin free from blotch, blemish, redness, roughness, pimples, or freckles, by using

DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP,

which contains special ingredients for beautifying the skin and complexion. It is most emollient and soothing, and can be used by those with the most delicate skin even when they are unable to use any other soap. Deliciously and expensively perfumed, and guaranteed absolutely harmless, and TO CONTAIN ARSENIC.

1/- per Tablet, or 3 in box, 2/6. Unscented, 6d.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES, OR POST FREE FROM

S. HARVEY, 5, DENMAN ST., LONDON BRIDGE, S.E.

"Mdme. Adelina Patti finds Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap most excellent."—Craig-y-nos Castle.

Florence St. John writes from Oxford Street, W.: "I have been using Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Soap for three months now. It was recommended by a friend, and I was so pleased with the result that I now use no other. You are at liberty to publish this letter."

Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, writes from 4, Hornton Street, Kensington, W.: "I find it delicious, and will certainly use no other."

Ellaline Terriss writes from the Gaiety Theatre: "I have tried Dr. Mackenzie's Complexion Soap. I think it is quite one of the best I have ever used, and can thoroughly testify to its excellence."

Dorothea Irving writes from Southampton Row, W.C.: "I have used your soap already for some time, and find it most soothing and refreshing to the skin."

Cynthia Brooke writes from Adelphi Theatre, London: "I consider Dr. Mackenzie's Arsenical Toilet Soap positively the best I have ever used for the complexion."

TOOTH-ACHE

CURED INSTANTLY BY

BUNTER'S NERVINE

Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented. Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains Removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.

ATLAS LOCKSTITCH MACHINE.

Works by hand or treadle. Guaranteed 4 years. Equal in quality and size to any machine. To ensure satisfaction, we will send machine on receipt of 5/-, P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid 5/- Monthly. Call or write for designs and Samples of work.

39/-

THE ATLAS SEWING MACHINE CO., 128D, High St., Camden Town, London, N.W.; 63, Seven Sisters Rd., N.; 14, High Rd., Kilburn.

TRILENE REGD. TABLETS THE ONLY CURE for STOUTNESS Registered by GOVERNMENT Price 2/6

ALL FAT PEOPLE

Readily Reduce Weight and Cure Corpulency Permanently by taking TRILENE TABLETS (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are very agreeable, harmless, and never fail to PRESERVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without change of diet. Reduction begins immediately.

An English Countess writes: "*Your Trilene Tablets act admirably.*"

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich.—Gentlemen,—My wife was very stout, but your Tablets completely cured, and were of untold benefit in various ways.—J. R. CANHAM."

Windsor Hotel, Merthyr Vale, South Wales.—Mr. I. THOMAS writes: "When I started the Tablets I weighed 17st., and have got down to 14st. 9lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.—Mr. WM. USHER says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Miss WEBSTER, 4, West View Terrace, Worcester, says: "I cannot say exactly how much reduction, but think it has been about 2st."

Miss A. ATKINS, 329, Smithdown Road, Liverpool: "I lost nearly 1st. while taking the one box."

Send 2/6 to THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

S.S. S.S.
PEARSON'S
£100
COUPON.
June 5, 1897.
No. 24.
S.S. S.S.

S.S. S.S.
PEARSON'S
£100
COUPON.
No. 24.
June 5, 1897.
NEWSAGENTS
S.S. S.S.

A SUM of from 10s. to 20s. per week offered for spare time to either sex, everywhere; work can be done evenings.—Send addressed envelope to Box 60, Eclipse Works, 92A, Aldersgate Street, London.

SHORT STORIES

No. 440.] [ONE PENNY.

For the Week ending June 5th, 1897.

THE ADVANCEMENT OF P.C. GITTUS.

POLICE-CONSTABLE GITTUS, 555D, Metropolitan Police, was not gifted with a vivid imagination. But a dirty fog sat sullenly upon the dirty streets, and a cold, penetrating drizzle filtered down through the haze, so that even the constable's stolidity could hardly help conjuring up a vision of a cosy fireside, and a comfortable chair, and a pipe and bonnie Mrs. Gittus to finish off the picture.

No, no, "a policeman's life is not a happy one," to quote Mr. Gilbert—and when the aforesaid has only been married a month, and worships his wife, it seems especially hard to have to walk up and down and round filthy streets and squares, on the look-out for burglars that rarely come, and incidents that hardly ever happen.

P.C. Gittus's beat was a quiet one. It lay in a fashionable London suburb, where for the most part lived unostentatious comfort and dreary gentility, with here and there a more pretentious red-brick mansion to break the stuccoed monotony.

The nurse-girls and housemaids knew all about Gittus. They had found out, being feminines, about the little house in Putney and the young bride, and so did not waste their time in trying to ensnare the handsome constable. For the most part, therefore, Gittus, on duty, lived in a condition of splendid isolation. On this account his office was all the more irksome.

Ugh! What a wretched night it was! The neighbouring church clock clanged out 11.30. In vain might Gittus sigh. Respite lay far away.

The streets were absolutely deserted. The fog, the drizzling rain, and the policeman had Suburbia to themselves.

Gittus tramped wearily on past the wall that flanked the garden of Sir John Judkins, the rich brewer, and so into the obscurity of Love Street, a narrow enough thoroughfare, merely the link between streets more important.

Love Street! The policeman gave an aggrieved sigh. What had Love got to do with anything outside one tiny house in Putney? What! Hullo, who was that?

Someone had coughed. Yes, a figure was standing up against the wall, tall, heavily-coated, shadowy in the fog, who, as Gittus halted, coughed again, not, be it noted, the cough of one asthmatic, but that of a person who wishes to attract attention unto himself.

Back shot the policeman's lantern slide. The strong yellow glare ate into the gloom, and the figure came out from under the wall.

All rights reserved.]

Digitized by Google

A soft felt hat, a long coat with collar turned well up to hide the face, was all that Gittus could distinguish. At once his professional instincts leapt up.

"Now then, my man," he said brusquely, "what do you want?"

"A word with you, Gittus."

So cool was the answer, and so unexpected, that the constable was staggered. "I don't know you," he murmured, though an expert would have detected the suspicion of a query in his voice.

"Have you ever heard of Sam Green?" asked the stranger.

The lantern-slide stole back over the glass, and the two figures stood motionless, face to face in the fog.

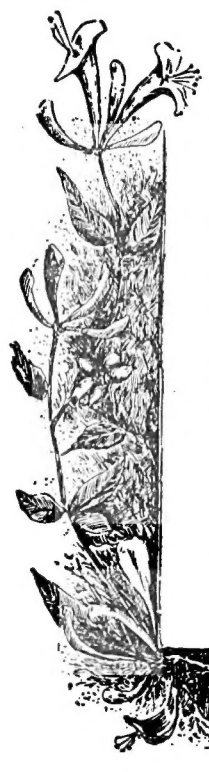
"Are you Sam Green?"

"That is my business. Perhaps I am, perhaps I'm not. We won't discuss that subject now. What I am going to tell you concerns you much nearer than the matter of my identity. I want to tell you something about Miss Mary Green—Mrs. George Gittus, I should say."

"What do you mean?" Gittus was a bad actor, and though he tried hard to put the proper amount of plain, unaffected anger into his voice, yet he could not altogether hide the lurking suspicion of apprehension that lay behind his words. He was a man of simple mould, and so much in love with his wife that he felt forced to vindicate his love, even to a stranger—which, by-the-way, he had yet to prove this man to be.

But the tall man was not to be brow-beaten. His answer was unpleasantly calm and concise. "Your wife is false to you," he said.

The policeman gasped. Then he advanced a step. The stranger could hear his teeth grind, and the quick, passionate catch of the breath that indicated rage, and he realised that Gittus meant mischief.



He drew back a pace. Then he went on, and so quietly that Gittus had to listen:

"Do you think I am just saying this for fun? I only tell you because—well, because I know what I do know, and that is that your wife is not worth the ground you tread on. Give me a chance and I'll prove it to you."

The stranger paused. The fog hid the pallor on Gittus's face, but it could not shut out the ghastly fear that trembled on his tongue, the mental terror of a doubting man.

"W—what can you prove," he stammered hoarsely; "what do you know about my wife?"

"While you are here on night duty she entertains an old lover, you know his name—Henderson."

Every word the man uttered rang out in the policeman's ears as though they had been bellowed into a speaking-trumpet. Henderson! Henderson! The handsome young butcher in Putney! The man who had been running neck-and-neck with Gittus—so disinterested onlookers had avowed—for the hand of Mary Green, and whom the constable had only beaten by a head a year or so ago.

A sweat broke out on Gittus's face.

"Prove it, prove it!" he gasped.

"There is only one way of proving it," came the answer, cold and deliberate, "and that is by the testimony of your own eyes. Your wife is too good an actress to betray herself by any action of her own."

"But how can I do that?" asked Gittus. All his manhood seemed to have left him. He was abject, piteous in his misery. Oh, to verify the truth of this hideous accusation!

"Listen; I will help you." The stranger's voice dropped to an impressive whisper. "Change clothes with me and go to Putney yourself. It will not take you long to convince yourself of my sincerity and your wife's duplici y. You can rely upon me to look after your interests while you are away. In two hours I will meet you here, and no one will have been any the wiser of your absence."

The fog hid the policeman's expression, but the stranger knew by the hoarse, tremulous gasp that escaped him, that the idea had taken root.

"Every moment is precious," the man went on softly, "every instant means much——"

"I'll do it!" The words seemed forced from between Gittus's lips. The next moment he had begun to take off his helmet, and unbutton his thick blue coat, an example that the other man was not slow to follow as regards his own clothing.

Like magic was the change effected. Who would have recognised Gittus now? The phlegmatic policeman had lost his identity beneath the long cloak of the strange destroyer of his peace. He crammed the soft felt hat down over his eyes. "Don't play me false," he muttered.

The next moment he had turned and was speeding madly off in the direction of Putney.

The stranger watched him out of sight. There was a curious smile upon his face, as, assuming the swinging gait of the man he was impersonating, he strode on out of the obscurity of Love Street.

For three or four minutes Gittus sped along as fast as his legs could carry him, unconscious almost of what it was he was doing, his one thought centred on the horrible task he had set himself to do.

Mary, his Mary faithless! The wife that he had worshipped, that he still worshipped—with a jerk he pulled himself up! Merciful Heavens, what was he doing? In a flash the enormity of his present breach of duty flooded his brain.

He had betrayed his calling for an impulse. His heart seemed to become ice within him.

Who was that man that had accosted him, that was at present patrolling the streets in *his* clothes? Suppose that the fellow was not fulfilling his part of the mad contract, suppose—a cold sweat broke out upon the policeman's face, and swinging round he suddenly dashed off again, back in the direction from which he had but just come.

In a few moments, however, he slackened his pace. His brain, usually so lethargic, was now working at high pressure. Perhaps

Digitized by Google

he had been the victim of a hoax. Something was afoot to do him harm. Pray Heaven he might yet be able to repair his madness.

As he drew near the scene of his recent adventure, his caution increased, and keeping well in the shadow of the houses he crept stealthily forward, listening intently for any sound that might guide him on his further progress.

At the bottom of Love Street he halted. All was still, supernaturally so. The silence awed him.

Assuring himself that here at least nothing further could be gained by delay, he pulled his borrowed hat still more over his eyes, and like a cat stole on out towards the main street of his beat.

A high wall, flanking the garden of Sir John Judkins, mentioned above, ran along one side of the street, the other side consisting of a row of semi-detached houses, all of the same unpicturesque, monotonous, Early Victorian architecture.

A gentle rain was now falling, and the gas-lights shed a particularly anæmic radiance upon the glistening pavement. Still the policeman crept on, skulking fearfully against the black murkiness of the wall.

Hullo! What was that? A low whistle fell upon his ear. In a moment he came to a standstill. His heart began a most unnecessary throbbing. Again the whistle sounded. From the sound it seemed to come from above his head.

He peered cautiously upwards. A dark figure was sitting straddlewise on the top of the wall!

In a moment Gittus knew that the crisis had arrived.

"*Where's the cop? Have you settled him?*"

The unspoken question of a moment ago had been answered. In a flash the constable realised the whole plot that had been laid to entrap him, realised, too, the deadly peril of the situation. His every instinct leapt up to his aid. A low cry of pretended warning was his answer, raising at the same time his hand with a gesture of eager alarm. In a moment the figure on the wall seemed to comprehend, and before Gittus had had time to consider his next move, suddenly let down what turned out to be a slender, albeit strong, rope ladder.

In an instant the policeman grasped firm hold of the swaying structure. His pulses were quiet enough now. The desire to make amends for his recent minute of madness had made a new man of him.

Another moment he had clambered up the ladder. Not for one instant did he hesitate, but, panther-like, flung himself at the throat of the man beside him.

Providence was kind to Gittus. As the two men fell, firmly locked together, over into the garden on the other side of the wall, the constable was uppermost, with the result that, save for a slight shaking, he came off unscathed.

The other man was not so lucky. Gittus was a heavy man. Prone and apparently lifeless he lay, though the policeman was not allowed much time to examine the extent of his injuries.

For the next moment a low whistle from over the wall recalled him to the fact that in all probability the game had only just begun, and so, hastily pushing the inanimate body of the unknown beneath a convenient laurel bush, he answered the whistle with as near a repetition thereof as he was capable.

As a result he saw dimly outlined against the sky the figure of yet another man upon the wall. Silently he crouched down upon the wet earth. The figure swung itself off the wall and dropped with a dull thud upon its feet, only to be sent headlong as Gittus's right arm shot out to its limit.

Again that whistle! Again the answering call from Gittus. Again another form upon the summit of the wall!

And this time Gittus saw that the chance for redemption had really come. The last comer was garbed as a policeman!

Could it be the man who had tricked him, who—the fellow swung over the wall as his predecessors had done, and again the policeman's irresistible fist leapt out to stretch the new arrival prone beside the senseless bodies of his accomplices.

Yes, the "policeman" and the stranger who had been the cause of Gittus's desertion were one and the same. Dark though it was, Gittus could see that. He knew now that he was saved.

Quick as a flash he knelt down upon the wet earth and began to strip off the familiar dark blue coat from the prostrate man. He forced the limp arms through the sleeves of the ulster he had but that moment himself been wearing. Then, raising his whistle to his lips, he sent forth a shrill peal that rung out with startling distinctness through the stillness of the night.

* * * * *

All the papers were full the day after of the sensational capture, and of the wonderful courage and promptitude displayed by P.C. Gittus, of the notorious gang of burglars that had for so long evaded the clutches of the law. The *Sentinel* gave the policeman a leader to himself, while for days nobody could talk of anything else.

There was a reward of five hundred pounds out for the capture of the man who had deceived Gittus so cleverly, for he was none other than the notorious Blake—King of Burglars—while Sir John Judkins, whose house the gang had planned breaking into, added a cheque for £20, so that Gittus was well able to afford his wife the smart dress on which she had set her heart. And the little wife at Putney was the only person to whom Gittus related the true story of the heroic capture, so that if Sam Green and Blake were one and the same, the burglar never published the fact. Even at the trial he held his peace. *Requiescat in pace!*

E. le Breton-Martin.

Digitized by Google

Men Who Have Made the Empire.

By George Griffith.

II.—EDWARD LONGLEGS.

The Man who Nearly Made the United Kingdom.

Two centuries all but nine years have passed away since William the Conqueror, unwept, if not unhonoured, lost his life in avenging a paltry joke, and left his work for others to carry on. In the two centuries not much has been done, although no little show has been made meanwhile, and a great clash of arms has resounded through the world.

William the Red has died, as he lived, in a somewhat ignoble and futile manner. Henry I. has done one good thing, wedding, as it were, in his own person and that of the Lady Matilda, the two races who were afterwards to be one.

Stephen and Matilda have settled their differences and died, after the shedding of much wasted blood. Henry II., by the hand of Strongbow and his licensed pirates, has done a piece of the good work badly, in beginning that conquest of Ireland which is not to be completed until the Battle of the Boyne is lost and won.

Richard Lionheart has won much glory to very small profit in the magnificent madness of the Third Crusade. The barons, recognising, however dimly and clumsily, that they are, in good truth, citizens of the infant State whose lusty, turbulent youth already gives promise of its future strength and greatness, have become law-lords as well as landlords, and with mailed hands have guided that unwilling pen of John's along the bottom of the parchment on which the Great Charter is written.

And, lastly, Simon of Montfort has taken a swift stride through several centuries and, arriving at the modern idea that the making of nations and the ordering of the world can be achieved by Talk, has, after not a little violence and the spilling of considerable blood that might have been better spent, got together that first Parliament or Talking-Machine, whose successors have so sorely hindered the progress of the world and balked the efforts of those appointed by God, and not by the counting of noses, to do its work.

So the two noisy and somewhat foolish centuries have rolled away into a blessed oblivion with a good deal of shouting and swaggering, of strife and bloodshed, but of little progress, saving that one Roger Bacon has lived and written a certain book and made himself a name for ever.

But all this time the work with which we are here most concerned, the making of an empire, has been waiting for the next God-sent man to come and do it. and this man was Edward Plantagenet, surnamed Longlegs, next in lineal succession, not as King, but as Empire-Maker, to him who won the fight at Senlac and got himself so well obeyed that "no man durst do anything against his will"—which was a great deal to say of anyone in such days as those.

Edward of the Longlegs came on to the stage of History with long, swift, determined, and, in short, wholly characteristic strides. The Talking-Machine of the good Earl Simon had worked noisily, as is usual with such machines, and had produced little but sound and fury.

There was war all round, and the usual anarchy in Ireland and in Wales.

Llewellyn, Lord of Snowdon, had pitted himself gallantly against the logic of circumstances, and was seeking to reconstruct the ancient and now impossibly obsolete Celtic empire.

"*Be of good courage in the slaughter, cling to thy work, destroy England and plunder its multitudes!*" his bards had sung to him, and so he had honestly set himself to do, not recognising the fact that empires are neither made nor re-made by mere methods of miscellaneous blood letting.

To the north, Scotland was divided by schisms and rent by the bitter jealousies of its nobles and clan-chieftains, savage, rude and poor, but gallant, strong, and very full of fight, as the English were to learn later on.

Over the Narrow Seas the great domains which William the Norman had kept with his sword and which the second Henry had greatly increased by inheritance and marriage, were slipping piecemeal away from the throne to which they did not of right divine belong, and with which it was therefore impossible that they should remain.

Such, in briefest outline, was the scene into which Edward Longlegs strode, and of which he was to be for thirty-five years the central and dominating figure. His first look round, as it were, showed him the nature of the task which it was his destiny to forthwith set about.

With that clearness of vision without which no man has any chance of success at the business of empire-making, he instantly pierced the dust-storms of battle that were rising all about him, and the mist-clouds of debate which Earl Simon's Talking-Machine had commenced to vomit forth, and behind and beyond these

Digitized by Google

he saw a certain Fact, a prime necessity which had to be faced—in short a real Something of an infinitely greater importance than tribal warfare, the aspirations of bard-inspired princelings, or even parliamentary debates.

This was neither more nor less than the fact that, when the Maker of all things mapped out this part of the world, it pleased Him in His wisdom to put England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland into one little group of islands, and from this fact Edward Longlegs drew the deduction that the King of Kings had intended them to be under one lordship.

It seems a simple thing to say now, a fact so patent that the mention of it seems superfluous; so does the larger fact that the world is round; but it was a very different matter in the times and circumstances of Edward Longlegs, and, indeed, his first and greatest claim to stand next in succession to William the Norman in the royal line of empire-makers consists in this: that he was capable of that master-stroke of genius which clearly demonstrated an imperial principle, of which six hundred years of history have been the continuous and emphatic endorsement.

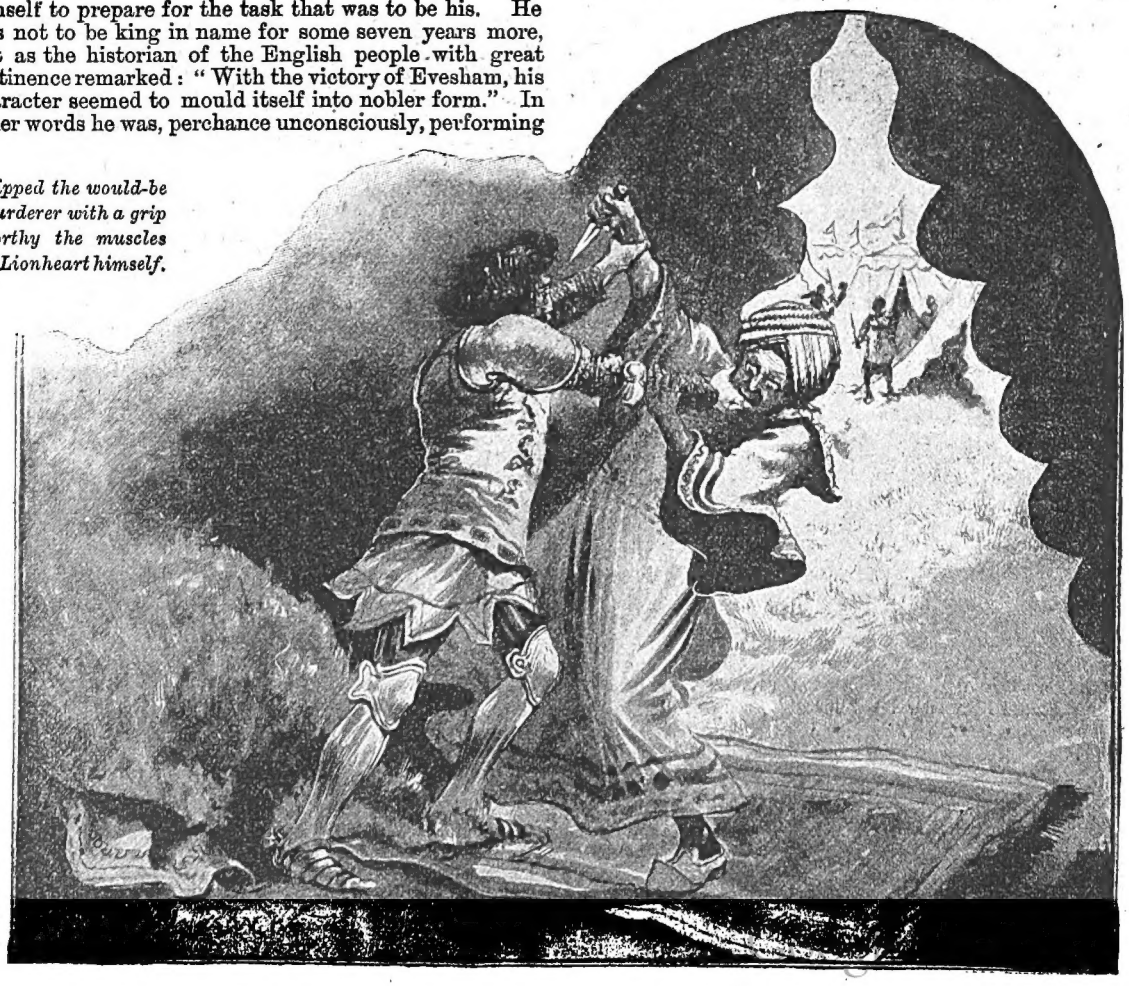
No sooner was the bloody fight of Evesham over and the good Earl Simon had breathed out his generous, if somewhat premature soul in that last cry of his: "It is God's grace!" than Edward Longlegs seems to have set himself to prepare for the task that was to be his. He was not to be king in name for some seven years more, but as the historian of the English people with great pertinence remarked: "With the victory of Evesham, his character seemed to mould itself into nobler form." In other words he was, perchance unconsciously, performing that indispensable preliminary to all really great and true public reforms, the reformation of himself.

Hitherto his life had been none of the best. He had been the leader of a retinue that had made itself something like infamous in the land. He had intrigued first with one party and then with another. He is accused of a faithlessness which, it is said, forced the good, though mistaken, Earl Simon into armed revolt against his liege lord—though this may, after all, only have been a stroke of wise and necessary policy, since he possibly saw even then that Chaos would not reform itself into Cosmos just for being talked at.

Then again, and with curious resemblance to William of Normandy, and later of Hastings and England, he had avenged an insult to his mother by the slaughter of some three thousand men in the rout of Lewes and a quite unjustifiable indulgence in pillage and slaughter when the Barons War was finally over.

"It was from Earl Simon," says John Richard Green in one of those limpid sentences of his, "as the Earl owned with a proud bitterness ere his death, that Edward had learnt the skill in warfare which distinguished him among the princes of his time. But he had learnt from the Earl the far nobler lesson of a self-government which lifted him high above them as ruler among men."

It seemed, indeed, as though, by this reformation of himself, he was to typify that reformation of England



Gripped the would-be murderer with a grip worthy the muscles of Lionheart himself.

which it was his life-work to begin. The new Edward was to be the maker of the new England.

His first action after the war was characteristic of the man and the work that he was to do. The cessation of the fighting, as was usual in those days, had left an undesirable number of truculent warriors of various ranks wandering at large about the kingdom with their legitimate occupation gone. Edward, with that instinct of order characteristic of all true empire-makers, saw in these the possibilities of disorder, and with a happy combination of wisdom and adventure turned their swords and lances away from the bodies of their fellow-citizens by taking them to fight the Paynim in the Holy Land.

An incident of this excursion has been adorned by one of those pleasant fictions which, if the paradox may be pardoned, are none the less true for the fact that they are false. Edward, having sent certain hundreds of Moslems to Paradise with a perhaps unnecessarily ruthless dispatch, was considered by the sect of the Assassins to be a person who would be better dead than alive in Palestine, and so one of them, after several attempts, succeeded, as one may put it, in interviewing him privately with a poisoned dagger. The fiction has it that his consort Eleanor of Castille sucked the poison from the wound with her own sweet lips and so saved his life.

It is a pretty story, but, unfortunately for its authenticity, no one seems to have heard of it or thought it worth the telling until Ptolemy of Lucca told it a good half-century afterwards. But the truth underlying it remains, and this truth is that Edward Longlegs was blessed with that greatest of all earthly blessings, a loving and devoted wife.

The facts of the matter are few but eloquent. Edward saw the dagger before it struck him, and gripped the would-be murderer with a grip worthy the muscles of Lionheart himself. There was a struggle, during which the dagger-point scratched his arm. A moment after it was buried in the assassin's own heart. Then some of Edward's retainers, hearing the scuffling, burst into the tent and satisfied themselves that the wretch had attempted his last murder by the somewhat unnecessary method of knocking out his brains with a foot-stool.

Soon after the symptoms of poisoning showed themselves, and Edward, in his usual business-like way, made his will and his peace with God and prepared to "salute the world" with becoming dignity. In the end not Eleanor's lips but the surgeon's knife removed the danger, and so once again a dagger-thrust which had come near to changing the history of Britain missed its mark.

It was during his return from this Crusade, as he was journeying through Calabria, that he met the messengers who told him that his father was dead and that he was King of England. Charles of Anjou, who was riding with him at the moment, wondered at the great grief he showed, and, being himself a man almost incapable of feeling, asked him why he should show more grief at his father's death than he had done for the loss of his baby son who had died a short time before. The answer was to the point and worthy of the man.

"By the goodness of God," he said, "the loss of my boy may be made good to me, but not even God's own mercy can give me a father again."

It was on the same journey that there occurred that curious incident which is called the "Little Battle of Chalons," and which is also instructive in giving us another view of the man who could use such wise and pious words as these. While he was travelling through Guienne, the Count of Chalons, one of the best and starkest knights of his age, sent a friendly message to request the favour of being allowed to break a lance with him. Edward, though he had been repeatedly warned of plots against his life by those who had designs on his French dominions, and though as a king he had a perfect right to decline the challenge of a vassal, was, as we should say nowadays, too good a sportsman to say no; but he took the precaution of going to the knightly trysting-place with an escort of a thousand men—in doing which he was well justified by the fact that the Count of Chalons was there waiting for him with about two thousand.

During the trouble which inevitably followed, the Count of Chalons did break a lance with Edward, but it was his own lance, and this failing, he gripped him round the neck in the most unknightly fashion and tried to drag him from the saddle. The Count was a strong man, but Edward was a little stronger, so he just sat still, and swinging his horse round, pulled him out of the saddle instead, after which, to put it into plain English, he gave him a sound thrashing, and when he at length cried for quarter, Edward, ever generous in the moment of victory, gave him the life that he had forfeited by his treachery, but, as a punishment, which the coroneted scoundrel justly deserved, he compelled him to take his sword back from the hands of a common soldier, and so disgraced him for ever in the eyes of his peers.

It may be added that the Little Battle of Chalons, in spite of the difference of numbers, ended in something like a picnic for the English, after which the King betook himself in leisurely fashion to the throne, and the work that was waiting for him.

No sooner was the crown upon his head, than he got to his task. The Prince of Snowdon, now calling himself Prince of Wales, had not only made himself master of his own country, but had pushed the war into England and reduced several English towns, the chief of which was Shrewsbury. Edward called upon him to restore the peace which he had broken and to come and do homage for his lands. Llewelyn, in the plenitude of his pride, told him to come and fetch him.

Edward took a note of this, but waited two years while he replenished the royal treasury by more or less justifiable means. During this time, as it happened, the Prince's promised bride, Eleanor, daughter of Earl Simon, fell into his hands. Again and again he summoned the Prince to perform the act of allegiance, holding his sweetheart meanwhile as a hostage in honourable captivity.

At length a fresh defiance from the Welshman roused him to action, and Longlegs strode swiftly across England and struck out hard and heavy. A single blow dissipated the dream of Celtic empire for ever. Llewelyn fled to his mountains and at length sued for peace. By rights his life was forfeit for rebellion, yet Edward not only forgave him but remitted the fine of £50,000 which he had imposed on the Welsh chieftains, and then invited Llewelyn to his court and married him with all due pomp and circumstance to the daughter of his old enemy—from which it will be seen that Edward Longlegs, like William the Norman, and indeed all good and capable empire-makers, was a gentleman.

Unhappily, Llewelyn repaid the kindness and courtesy by new rebellion, which ended, as it deserved, in disaster. Merlin had prophesied that when money was made round a Welsh prince should be crowned in London. During this last revolt Edward had caused round half-

Digitized by Google

pence and farthings to be coined. When it was over the head of Llewelyn was sent to London and crowned with a garland of Ivy on Tower Hill.

What Longlegs had thus done with Wales he sought by more devious and less effective means to do with Scotland. The dispute between Balliol and Bruce gave him the opportunity of intervention, and of this the dismal results are too well known to need detailed description from me.

Here, again, we have nothing to do with personal right or wrong, or with the ethics of national independence. The business of empire-making is too urgent to wait for matters of this kind. It would perhaps have been better if Edward, after the sack and slaughter of Berwick, had hurled the whole weight of the English power against the object of his attack, as William the Norman would have done, and once and for all crushed the opposition into impotence.

It would have been bitter and bloody work, as the work of empire-making is apt to be, but the end might have justified the means. Certainly some centuries of bloodshed and bitterness would have been saved. The high ideal of a United Kingdom would have been realised nearly five hundred years earlier, and the progress of both realms in civilisation, wealth, and power might have been quickened immeasurably.

And after all, neither side in the long struggle would have lost anything to balance against the greatness of the gain to both. There would have been no Stirling Bridge, but then there would have been no Falkirk; no Bannockburn, but also no Flodden Field. All this, as it happens, however, was not written in the Book of Destiny, and so it does not concern us here, since we have to consider how much of the work of empire-making Edward did, not what he failed to do or left undone.

The surrender of Stirling in 1305 apparently completed the conquest of Scotland, and Edward was for the time being the actual and undisputed sovereign of the whole country from the Pentland Firth to the English Channel, and it is probable that the conquest would have been a permanent one but for the entrance of another power into the field, and this was nothing less than the English Baronage itself. It was as though the chiefs of his own army had turned against him, and, in the fatal dispute which followed, Robert the Bruce saw his opportunity, and in the end re-won for Scotland that independence which has cost her so much and which, however precious as a matter of sentiment, was destined to prove of so little value to her.

All that is past and done with now, but still no one who holds that an empire is greater than a nation, even as the whole is greater than its part, can help looking back with regretful thoughts upon those pages of our history which would have been so much brighter and more glorious if those gallant Scots who fought so splendidly through those long and bitter wars could have stood, as they have done since, side by side with their brothers of the South, and so made possible centuries ago the beginning of that great work in which they have borne so splendid a part.

Had that been so Edward Longlegs might have been the founder instead of only one of the makers of the British Empire, and that last piteous scene by the sandy shores of the Solway Firth would never have been enacted.

But though in the end he neither conquered Scotland nor founded the United Kingdom, he did something else which, as the centuries went by, proved but little less important, for he began to make the British Constitution.

Gallant soldier and great general as he was, he was perhaps even a greater statesman. He saw far ahead of his times, too far indeed, for to his enlightened conviction that in the matter of taxation "what touched all should be allowed of all" we have the real reason for that revolt of the Baronage, which made a United Kingdom of the Fourteenth Century an impossibility.

Yet as law-maker he did work which lasted longer than that which he did on the battle-field. Like William the Norman, he was a stark man who knew how to get himself obeyed, and order, no matter how dearly bought, was the first thing to be got, and he got it. He could "make a wilderness and call it peace," as he did over and over again with Wales and Scotland—and, indeed, to him a wilderness was better than a place where disorder dwelt—but he also made another peace within his own realms which was the first fore-runner of that which we enjoy to-day. The laws which he made were for rich and poor, great and small, alike. The hand that was pitiless in destruction was also ready and strong to protect.

The manner of his death is as characteristic as any of the acts, good or bad, of his life. Old and weak and sick he made the long journey from Westminster to the Solway to fulfil the oath which he had sworn at the knighting of his unworthy son to avenge Bruce's murder of Comyns and to punish his rebellion.

Too feeble to keep the saddle, he was carried in a litter at the head of the hundred thousand men who were to be the instruments of his vengeance, but at length the news of victory after victory won by the Bruce stung him to a fury which for the time was stronger than his weakness, and at Carlisle the old warrior left his litter and once more mounted his charger. It is a pathetic sight even when looked at through the mists of the intervening centuries. We can picture the gallant struggle that he must have made to sit his horse upright and to bear without fainting the weight of the armour that was oppressing his disease-worn and weary limbs. The mailed hand which had struck the great Count of Chalons down could not now even draw the sword that hung useless at his side.

Only one thing remained strong in the man who had once been the very incarnation of strength. His inflexible will was still unbroken and unswerving in its devotion to the great ideal and master project of his life. Had that will had its way, the flood of English strength and valour that was rolling slowly behind him would have burst in a torrent of death and desolation over the war-wasted fields of southern Scotland, and there can be but little doubt as to what the end would have been.

But it was not to be. The Spectre Horseman was already riding by his side and, like the wine from a cracked goblet, the dregs of his once splendid strength ebbed away. At last the skeleton hand was outstretched, and he who had never been unhorsed by mortal foe was stricken from the saddle. Yet even then the proud spirit refused to yield. He took his place in the litter again, and, with almost dying lips, ordered the army forward; and, though the end was very near, he did not submit without a struggle, pathetic in its hopeless heroism, to conquer even Death itself and carry out his purpose in spite of the King of Terrors. Die he must, and that soon, but his spirit should live after him and he would still lead his army.

"Bury me not till you have conquered Scotland!" were almost the last words he spoke. Though they were disobeyed and Scotland was never conquered, yet they were well worthy of the iron-hearted man who said them.

FOUND IN DEATH.

On the long cane lounge at the side of the room a man lay asleep, one velvet-clad arm thrown across his eyes to shut out the hard glare from the skylight above him. Through a coloured window at the end of the studio a bar of sunlight struck redly and fell upon his dense bronze curls and the short, powerful fingers of his upturned hand. A half-smoked cigarette had fallen upon the dark red rug beside him. A yellow-backed French novel lay at the man's feet. His lips, red and full, were half unclosed in a faint smile.

The shutting of the door he had left ajar did not rouse him. A woman came in, swishing her long skirts over the bare floor. She wore a loose house-gown of peacock-blue silk, somewhat faded and worn about the hem. Her dark, rusty-brown hair was twisted up not too tidily in an unbecoming knot. Her bright blue eyes blinked in the strong light, and she put up one long nervous hand to shield them.

She stood still for a moment in the middle of the floor looking at the sleeping man. Then she went to his side, picked up the novel and the cigarette, tossed the latter into the fire in the grate, and looked at the book as though she would have liked to dispose of that in the same manner. However, she laid it down on a table, pushing it under a pile of other books.

The light at its strongest fell upon some large object standing in the centre of the floor on a wooden pedestal and shrouded in a white cloth. The woman's eyes rested on this with a bitter curiosity. She hesitated for some time, glancing at the man on the lounge. At last she went up to the pedestal and carefully lifted off the cloth, which had rested on splinters of wood stuck into the wet clay.

There was revealed the figure of a woman, somewhat more than life-size, lying at full length in an attitude of rigid calm, the arms straight at the sides, the hands laid palms upward, with relaxed fingers. The loose hair swept sideways from her face over a sheaf of flowers as yet only roughly indicated, and curled in a deep wave over her arm.

The thin drapery, drawn in long oblique folds from right to left, revealed outlines full and firmly moulded, composed now to an unnatural quiet. The face, too, with heavy, downcast lids, and lightly-closed, full-hewed mouth, seen in profile, wore an expression of life held in some strange trance. It was not sleep; a latent mockery hid beneath those brows and lurked in the corners of those unsmiling lips.

The clay model seemed nearly finished, with the exception of the detail of the feet.

"Well, what are you doing?" demanded a voice suddenly and sharply. The man sat up, yawning and frowning slightly.

"I wanted to see how you get on," said the woman, her fingers twitching nervously at the corner of the white cloth which trailed upon the floor. She tried to speak lightly and to smile, but her lips were dry and hard.

"You might have asked. You know I hate you prying about before the thing's finished."

The artist's thick brows knitted over his grey-blue eyes. He got up and took the sheet from the woman's grasp.

His eyes, resting, too, on the clay figure, darkened moodily. And the woman, watching, smiled—a swift, involuntary, yet bitter smile.

"Has Masterson seen the design?" she asked. "And does he like it?"

"Like it"—the sculptor began and stopped abruptly, casting a hard look at his wife. A latent irritation edged this look, which seemed to comprehend every detail of her untidy person, and expressed a distaste approaching active dislike. He shook his broad shoulders as though to dismiss her question, and turned his back on her. Instant resentment appeared in the woman's eager eyes and compressed lips.

"I think it is unworthy of you," she said impetuously. "It is not up to the level of your work."

The artist moved towards his statue as though to veil it from this unwelcome criticism.

"Fortunately, your opinion, my dear, is not of prime importance," he said indifferently.

"You used to value it," she flashed at him. "And you trusted to it, once!"

His suppressed smile stung her almost beyond control.

"At least you *seemed*—it may have been only pretence, like the rest."

"My dear Martha, are we going to quarrel—and, pray, over what?"

"Quarrel!" She stopped and bit her thin under-lip. "It seems that we cannot speak to one another without quarrelling."

Digitized by Google

"Let me suggest, my dear, that we keep in future to our different sides of the line, and meet, when we do meet, on common ground. You have your own occupations—I, my work. Let us not interfere."

"You want to shut me out. Oh, I have known it for some time. You don't like me to come to the studio! And once—once you weren't happy unless I was sitting by, reading or sewing, while you worked."

"It was some time ago," he murmured to himself, and shrugged his shoulders, half ashamed. A kindlier glance showed him that her hands were trembling and that her eyes had the hard brightness of pent-up tears.

Perhaps he comprehended something of the nervous strain under which she was suffering, though he would have been puzzled to define its cause. He went closer to her and laid his hand on her arm. The colour sprang to her averted face.

"When I have done anything good you are the first to see it," he said, more gently. "But no artist likes to exhibit his beginnings or his failures——"

"You admit, then, that it is a failure?" she cried suddenly.

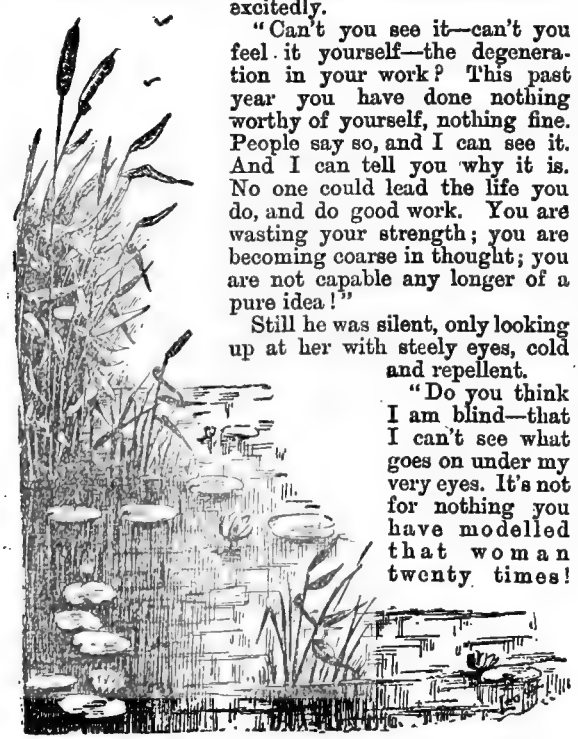
"The statue—a failure? What—what are you talking about?"

He moved away from her abruptly.

"I tell you it is, Herman! You have failed. That statue—is it the expression of an idea, a noble conception? No, it is a portrait of your model! There is no imagination in it. That woman there—what does she mean? *Oblivion?* She's a coquette dreaming! shameful!"

The sculptor silently threw the sheet over the clay statue. He walked away to the fireplace, lit a cigarette, and stood looking down into the blaze on the hearth, a scowl on his handsome face.

His wife turned to face him, breathing quickly and excitedly.



"Can't you see it—can't you feel it yourself—the degeneration in your work? This past year you have done nothing worthy of yourself, nothing fine. People say so, and I can see it. And I can tell you why it is. No one could lead the life you do, and do good work. You are wasting your strength; you are becoming coarse in thought; you are not capable any longer of a pure idea!"

Still he was silent, only looking up at her with steely eyes, cold and repellent.

"Do you think I am blind—that I can't see what goes on under my very eyes. It's not for nothing you have modelled that woman twenty times! And she is not even a professional model! Perhaps you didn't think I knew."

"What stuff you are talking!" he interrupted roughly. "You are behaving like a child—an idiot!"

"Oh, I know! I know her as well as you do. I could point you out a dozen likenesses of her in this room. That is a cast of her arm. I know her, I tell you. She's Corinne, the dancer."

"What of that?"

"You shall not—you shall not have her here, within a stone's throw of my house!"

"*Your* house, my good Martha? I don't propose to talk to you in this mood. I'll wait till you have recovered your senses. But I may as well tell you now that I shall employ just what models I find most useful, and if I can get what I want by going outside the profession, I don't know anything that will prevent me from doing so. That hardly need be said."

"Not that woman, Herman!"

"That woman, or any other. What has come over you, Martha? Upon my word, I believe you're insane. You used to be sensible enough. Nowadays you clog me, hold me back, worry me to death with these perpetual disputes. Do you think I can stand this sort of thing? Can I work in an atmosphere like this? Good Heavens! and you are the woman that vowed she would die to give me success!"

"I said it, and I would die, even now, to help you! But I will not stand to be killed by inches—to see you growing worse day by day, and die of shame to see it! I will not bear it!"

He smoked his cigarette out and flung the tip into the fire, still in sullen silence. And then, without looking at his wife, he changed his velvet coat for a more conventional garment, put on his hat and light overcoat, and left the studio.

"Herman!" she called to him sharply.

"I shall not come back here for a week," he said, between the opening and the closing of the door. And some half-childish, half-savage impulse moved him to add: "I hate you."

A moment later his shadow passed the window, against which the wind flung a gust of yellow leaves. The woman stood listening, a stunned look on her face. Her eyes travelled slowly round the studio, resting a long time on the shrouded clay model. She took a step forward towards it and raised a clenched hand as though for a blow. Then she stood still again, and shivered.

The fire burnt steadily—a red core of heat, with little, fitful, bluish flames playing over it. She dragged a heavy straight-backed chair closer to the hearth and dropped into it, clasping her arms over her bosom, her face contorted with a sudden keen physical pain.

She felt in her pocket and found a small bottle. Without waiting to measure or dilute the dose, she put the bottle to her lips and swallowed part of its contents. For some time she lay huddled in the chair, gasping for breath. Then growing quieter, she reached out and dragged from a chest near by its covering—a dark blanket—and drew it round her head and body, and so sat, staring into the fading fire with eyes dull from exhaustion and pain.

The sculptor fought his way along the street, swept bare by a biting east wind, towards the quarter of hotels and cafés. He felt himself in need of something to soothe the pin-pricks inflicted by a nagging tongue, and to counteract the depression, mental and physical, which was too often his lot after a long day's work, like the present, of dubious results.

Digitized by Google

He ate his dinner and drank a bottle of good Burgundy and felt his blood running warmer. The subtle influence of the absinthe insensibly lightened his mood. He straightened up and lifted his head defiantly.

He stretched out his arm, opening and closing the powerful fingers of his right hand; it had not lost its cunning yet—he would show them.

Dinner over, he lit a cigar and turned about to face the room. He was rather glad to perceive at one of the tables near him, sipping his coffee and Cognac, a painter whom he knew. He joined this acquaintance and went off with him to a theatre, and later to a studio merry-making, at which Corrine, the dancer, happened to be the guest of honour.

It was in the small hours that the sculptor finally reached his home, sobered considerably by the walk in the chill night air. He had indeed found in it opportunity and some incentive to reflection. He thought over a remark or two which had fallen from one or another of the men during the evening.

There was a change in the attitude of his *confrères* towards himself; it was something subtle, slight, intangible, but it was there. They had ceased to look to him. He knew that the change must have been gradual, slow, but now his eyes were opened, and he perceived what he had long been blind to. This to a man who felt himself still in the prime of strength was inexpressibly galling.

He resolved that the tide should be reversed; that he would make them look again! He would put folly behind him and give himself once more to his art.

Filled with his new resolution he turned his steps towards the home he had recently left.

The house was dark, except for the light in the hall. With a sullen memory of the quarrel of the afternoon he went to the studio, a separate building in the rear, intending to sleep there, as he did often.

He unlocked the door, which had a spring lock, and closed with a catch. The room was in perfect darkness, the fire was long out, and a deadly chill numbed the air.

The sculptor struck a match and lit two gas jets, shivering at the prospect before him, but resolved not to enter the house. He did not at first perceive a figure heavily shrouded in some dark drapery, seated with its back towards him before the ashes on the hearth. When he did perceive it, his first thought was that his nerves had played him an uncanny trick; his second, that his wife had waited here for the opportunity of baiting him on his return.

His impulse was to turn on his heel and leave the studio in her undisputed possession; he hated scenes and nagging, and he was not far at that moment from hating the woman who had become identified with these things in his mind.

He turned towards the door, and then paused, withheld by the strange stillness of the room, and the motionlessness of the dark figure. He thought she must be asleep, and felt no desire to waken her; but he knew that he could not rest, leaving her as she was. He approached her, therefore, reluctantly, dragging himself slowly over the floor. The moment he looked upon her face he knew she was dead. The cold white face in the shadow of the blanket showed only as a pale glimmer; but the man felt death.

He recoiled, and dropped upon the chest at the side of the fireplace, staring. It did not occur to him to call out, nor to see if the woman's heart still beat. Half consciously he stared at the face whose sharply-cut features, shadowed and softened by the simple strong line of the drapery, took on a nobility so piercingly impressive. This—this! This was what he sought—this majesty, this austerity. Did one seek oblivion—forgetfulness of things earthly? This woman had found it. This was the secret of her locked lips, her half-closed, inscrutable eyes. Here, then, at last—at last.

A brain excited, spurred to action, and now stung suddenly into fullest life, possessed the man. He found paper and crayon, and, sitting before the body of his wife he drew like one driven by a demon. Eye and hand held tense till he had mastered what lay before him. He made three sketches, and the livid dawn filtered in as he finished the last. He locked them in a drawer and put the key in his pocket with a throb of exultation.

The reaction came instantly, and for the first time the full consciousness of what sat there came upon him. A thrill of natural pity tempered his repulsion. He had known that she suffered from a disease of the heart.

"Poor Martha! Who knows—who knows if you have not died for me, after all?" was his murmur, egotistical, even in that moment of recognition.

He wished to kiss her, but he could not. He backed out of the door, shut it softly, and hurried towards the house to call the servants.

T. Romano.

ON JUBILEE DAY

Every purchaser of *Pearson's Weekly* will be insured against fatal accidents to the extent of

£100,

Guaranteed by the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Limited. Look out for full particulars.

ROYAL THANKSGIVING NUMBER

OF

"THE SUNDAY READER"

ON SALE JUNE 3rd.

A MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING GIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY COPY.

5,500 books to be presented as prizes to readers.
These magnificent books will include:
500 copies of "Through Bible Lands." By Dr. Phillips Schaff. 434 pages, 20 full-page engravings.
1,000 copies of "For Honour, not Honours." By Dr. Gordon Stables. The finest biography of General Gordon ever published.
1,000 copies of "Hearts of Oak." By Dr. Gordon Stables. An entrancing story of Nelson and the Navy.
500 copies of "Clare Avery," a story of the Spanish Armada. By Emily S. Holt.
500 copies of "The Story of Martin Luther." By E. Warren.
500 copies of "The Lost Jewel." By A.L.O.E.
500 copies of "Jean Lindsay, the Vicar's Daughter." By Emily Brodie.
500 copies of "Frank Usher; or, Soldiers of the Cross."
500 copies of "Denham Hall: a story of Wycliffe's days."

A STARTLING NEW COMPETITION.

In *Pearson's Weekly* dated June 5th appear particulars of a new sort of competition. It is a letter dedicated by the editor to his readers, but instead of being written in the ordinary manner it consists entirely of pictures representing the various words.

£100 is offered in prizes, the first prize being £50, and fifty more prizes of a sovereign each.

The opening words are shown in the accompanying sketches.

What are they?

Digitized by Google

When Peter S. Cockle was appointed road-agent at Rasselstoke depôt, his daughter refused with some heat to sanction the arrangement.

"You go West if you want to," she said with a scornful nod of her pretty head, "and the days will come along to you after I've done with them. Catch me lettin' Sal Banks and the rest of them here get to Sunday before I'm through with Saturday."

Her father winced perceptibly.

"It's beautiful country thar," he said, fingering his promotion in a nervous manner, "real beautiful. Besides, you'd be somebody thar; in Winnipeg you're jest a stem in a barley stack. I'm not depraising you," he added, with a hurried glance of admiration, "because thar ain't anyone handsomer 'n you around these parts, but at Rasselstoke——"

There was a depth of compliment in the unfinished sentence, and Peter S. Cockle awaited the effect with some pride.

"It's people that makes a woman's life—not places," said Dolly, puckering her brows.

Peter S. dreaded these "book-learning" attacks from his daughter; but he summoned his wits and carried the day with a brilliant epigram.

"It's places make people," he said.

Dolly hesitated. There was civilisation and insignificance for her on one side; on the other the desolate Selkirk mountains and supremacy. A girl who could play the piano and sing and knew how to dress well, and could speak proper English, would flash like a meteor across the benighted minds of the inhabitants of Rasselstoke, and the meteor *rôle* rather appealed to Dolly.

"Anyway, it's on the C.P.R. just the same," she reflected.

Those three letters were mixed indissolubly with her life. Their whole home seemed shaped to the pattern of that monogram. A "C" and a "P" and an "R" were on everything; on the knives and the spoons and the forks, on the cups, on the saucers, on the thick white plates. They ornamented the butter, and were woven into the fabric of the household linen, they decorated the stiff antimacassars that hung on the parlour chairs, they made the central ornamentation of the little patch of carpet in the waiting-room, just as they were the controlling design of the upholstery in the railway cars, which were the most familiar things she knew of.

A railway which stretches 3,053 miles across a continent which links the Atlantic with the Pacific, joins level prairies with prodigious mountain peaks 10,000 feet in height, which makes the West East, and the East West, is an almighty big home for anyone to have; but wherever the C.P.R. came and went, Dolly believed she could never be unhappy.

Yet when the novelty of the move wore off she began to hate Rasselstoke. They had arrived in the winter, and the winter appeared interminable. The sky seemed always grey, the sickly silence of the huge snow-clad mountains tainted everything with a feeling of drear depression. Their sky-kissed peaks no doubt were beautiful; their jagged sides spangled with countless hemlock trees (chiefly bare poles in the wake of the forest fires), and streaked with the broad paths of glaciers and snow-slides, were grandly majestic, but Dolly would have exchanged them again and again for the wooden side-walks of Winnipeg without a pang.

The town whose society she had come to dazzle was a ragged row of deal board houses, filled with people who had drifted so far, and seemed to have caught there between the mountains like leaves against a wall and, not having the energy to go further, stopped where they found themselves and mouldered.

The 'bus from the Rest Hotel—a box mounted on runners which met the east-bound and the west-bound train in an inextinguishable hope of one day finding a

Digitized by Google

She would strain her eyes along the dreary stretch of track.

passenger—had worn a trail through the deep snow from the depôt to the town, and beyond that there was nowhere to come or go.

At first Dolly had taken this walk daily, enjoying the fresh air, but after the first week she never went beyond the little platform under the shelter of the lake-coloured buildings which formed the ticket bureau, the baggage room, their own house, and the little restaurant where passengers might snatch a meal if they felt inclined.

Around the station the snow was all grimy with smoke; three or four dreary-looking cars stood on a siding opposite, and the occasional shunting and shifting of these was the only event which ever took place, save the arrival of the train from Vancouver in the morning and of the train from Montreal in the afternoon.

Twice a day Dolly shook off the stupor which had settled on her, and came to life again. For two minutes the platform would be crowded. There would be fur-coated millionaires and rough miners, none the less fur-coated, but wearing their sables outside; Englishmen, Americans, Indians, Chinese, all pacing up and down together, and Dolly would mix in the throng, and study the latest fashions among the ladies, and talk with the train conductors whom she knew, and be perfectly happy until she heard the nigger porters calling their ever-lasting warning: "All aboard," and saw the crowd clambering back into their cars and heard the stoker's bell begin to toll as the engine moved slowly off, and then the settled misery would come back more horribly, and she would strain her eyes along the dreary stretch of track, a lonely, depressing link in the world's big girdle.

Peter S. Cockle's pretty daughter had become quite a landmark to the commercials who spent their life travelling along the line. Laurence Wyndham overheard two of them discussing her as his train rocked over the Manitoba prairie and the vast plains of the North-west, scarred and pitted with the trails and wallows of the vanished baffalo, and peopled only with lonely coyotes and inquisitive prairie-dogs, squatting on their mounds.

He looked out for her when the train reached Rasselstoke, and coming from big cities where pretty women were almost a weariness, was duly disappointed.

Dolly's big eyes had met his curious stare with coquettish defiance. She had picked out his fine athletic figure and his handsome face the moment he descended from his car, and long after the train had disappeared again into the engulfing fissures of the mountains she thought about him, and, womanlike, felt glad that she had kept to her custom of putting on her best dress after dinner, which, for very tiredness, she had nearly given up with many another touch of civilised life relinquished one by one, knowing that in the end she must be brought to the dismal level of everyone else in Rasselstoke.

It was about a year later (when the passengers on the morning train had taken their seats again, and the last porter had dragged his little stool after him into the car) that Dolly noticed a solitary figure standing beside a small bag at the extreme rear of the platform. The moment he turned toward her she recognised him, and the slightest flush coloured her cheeks.

He came to where she was standing and raised his hat.

"Could you be so good as to tell me where I could get a bed for to-night?" he asked.

A year in the West had made a difference to Wyndham. He remembered what the commercials had said about Dolly, and wondered why he had not seen how pretty she was before. Her bright face and trim figure were like a flash of colour from that European life out of which poverty had forced him into exile.

Dolly's long lashes dropped slowly over her eyes.

"There is the Rest Hotel," she said, "but I'm afraid it's not what you would call an hotel." She hesitated a moment.

"A roof is all I want, and more than I can afford," said Wyndham with a smile, and he stooped to pick up his bag.

Dolly looked at him curiously. He was merely a shadow of the big athlete she had seen a year before; his voice was thin and weak, and she noticed his hand trembling.

"We have a spare room over the restaurant if you would like it," she said rather suddenly.

Wyndham met her eyes gratefully.

"You're very kind," he said "but——" He took a step towards the doorway, where a red-haired boy stood expectantly in charge of the little 'bus. But starvation and sleeplessness had done their work; he reeled suddenly, stretched out his hands with a helpless groping, and the next moment lay across the platform, his white face upturned, the vacancy of death in his eyes.

Peter S. Cockle, who came up at this moment, examined the fallen boy without taking his hands from his pockets.

"Better send him along in the sleigh to Parson Cloud's," he said. "I don't know what else they've sent a minister here for. The gal thar can nurse him."

Dolly's eyes blazed.

"Pick him up and carry him up-stairs," she said. "It's I who am going to nurse him, not Grace Cloud. Father, I don't believe you've got a bit of feelin'."

The railroad agent blinked stoically.

Thar's too many of 'em," he said. But he obeyed his daughter's behest, and when it came to carrying the poor fellow he was as tender as a mother with her child. "Whenever a mining boom comes along," he said, "thar's a hundred victims to one man who comes out on top."

It was spoken at random; but the whole story of Laurence Wyndham was summed up in the sentence.

A fortnight of Dolly's nursing, however, made the Englishman look more like his old self. When he was able to get downstairs again he found Peter S. smoking over the stove, and then and there put the whole matter to him in a nutshell.

"I'm broke,' he said.

The railroad agent allowed he had surmised that already.

"How are you goin' home?" he queried, shifting his pipe from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"I've got an uncle placer mining up in the Cariboo district," said Wyndham, "and I've written to him to help me."

"Rich, mebbe?" queried the agent. "Raise your arm a trifle, young man." He spat skilfully through the aperture thus made on to the track, and resumed his inspection of the stove.

"They tell me he's worth a million," said Wyndham.

Peter S. shook his head.

"Like enough he won't help you any then," he said philosophically.

Wyndham was still musing on the wisdom of this when Dolly came in to fetch him, with pretty imperiousness, for a walk. The sun had come out and was drawing silvery clouds up the jagged sides of the mountains. The sharp air brought the colour to his cheeks. They walked down to the town and back again without saying much. Dolly was unusually quiet, though her eyes were sparkling, and Wyndham fell naturally into her mood. Near the depôt they overtook Parson Cloud and his daughter—a tall, slim girl with a pale face and pretty grey eyes, that contrasted vividly with Dolly's black ones and the high colouring of her cheeks.

Dolly was for passing on, but Parson Cloud insisted on an introduction.

"An Englishman is a *rara avis* indeed in these parts," he said, with a courteous smile of welcome. "I heard for the first time to-day of your arrival and of your illness, and am glad to see you so far recovered. Yet with such a charming nurse, illness itself must have its pleasures."

Wyndham's reply brought a flush to his companion's cheeks; but when she raised her eyes to his he was looking towards Miss Cloud, and there was something in that glance, quick and fleeting as it was, which turned Dolly's heart to lead.

For a moment her head seemed to swim.

Then she heard Grace saying in her low, refined voice:

"Father, you must invite Mr. Wyndham in to dinner."

"My patient must not go out at nights," Dolly said quickly, and for a moment the black eyes and the grey eyes met and their glances clashed.

Wyndham accepted Parson Cloud's invitation almost greedily.

"I never listen to my doctor," he said lightly. "No patient would ever recover if he did."

They all laughed; but Dolly only because her eyes were filled with tears.

* * * * *

Peter S. Cockle's prophecy appeared to be correct. Wyndham's appeal to his millionaire uncle received no response. He became desperate. He could neither stay where he was nor afford to go away. Finally he decided to set out on foot.

Ever since their chance meeting he had spent the larger portion of his day at Parson Cloud's house.

"He is a capital good fellow," he used to say to Dolly.

If he had said: "His daughter is so charming," it would have made no difference. To Dolly's mind it was perfectly clear he meant this. In reality she suffered terribly; but Wyndham had not the least idea of what was in her mind. She had been good to him, and he was grateful, and that was the beginning and the end of it with him.

His sojourn in the West had not deleted one national characteristic. If anyone had mentioned Dolly to him he would have answered:

"Oh, yes; the railroad agent's daughter."

Grace Cloud, on the other hand, was socially and

The railroad agent allowed he had surmised that already.

intellectually his equal. "If only I was a little better off," he used to say to himself.

Dolly did not appreciate the distinction, but she realised that there was a difference, and she hated Grace Cloud for it. In the meantime, her little head was busy concocting a hundred plans.

One night when Wyndham had just finished supper, she came up to him and touched him on the arm.

"I want to speak to you," she said.

He got up, wondering, and followed her into the sharp night air. It was very clear, and the stars were shining brightly against the deep blue of the sky; a crescent moon was rising slowly over the towering peak of Mount MacKenzie. For some distance they walked along the railroad track in silence. Then Dolly turned and faced him.

"You are going?" she said.

Wyndham nodded.

For some time there was silence. Dolly stooped down and gathered a ball of snow in her hands.

"Suppose," she said slowly, "suppose I could tell you

Digitized by Google

how to get rich?" Her eyes sought those of Wyndham, and he could feel her hot breath on his cheeks.

He felt inclined to laugh, but there was that in her manner which checked him.

He took her hand in his, emptied the snow out, and began drying the small, white palm with his handkerchief.

"Well?" he said.

"It would require pluck," said she, loosening his fingers, but still keeping her eyes on him.

A lean wolf slouched past them not a hundred feet away. Wyndham pointed after it.

"Despair and pluck go together," he said.

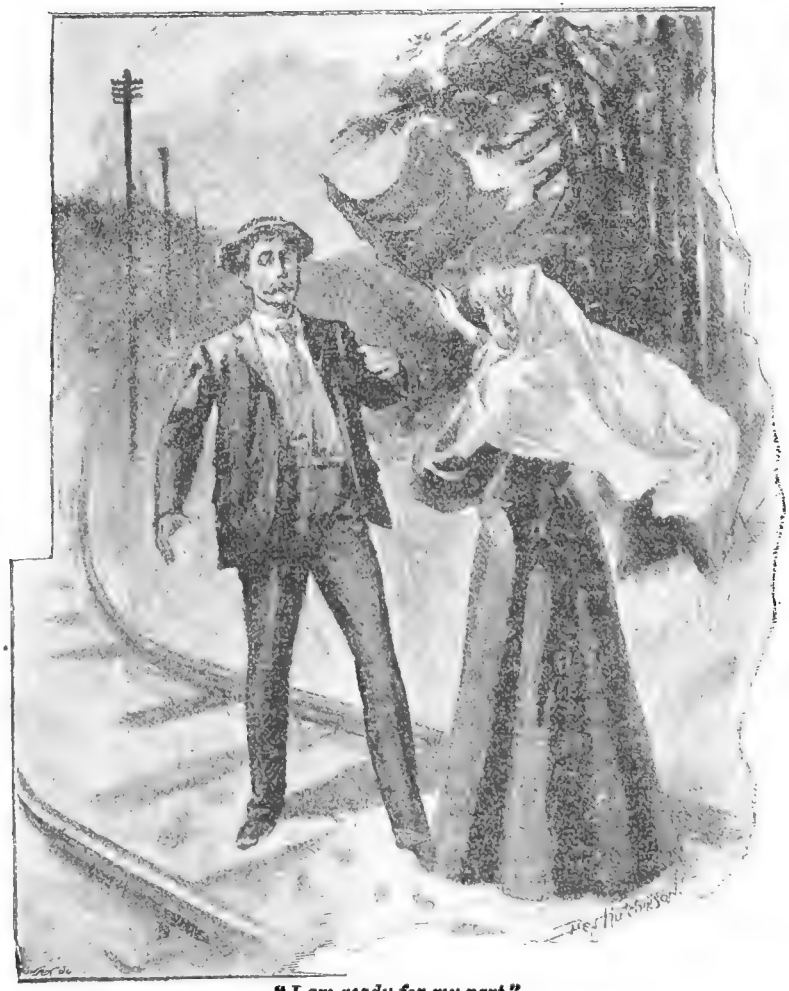
Dolly leant her slim figure slightly towards him.

"Listen," she said softly, so that her voice was hardly above a whisper. "In the express car of the east-bound train to-morrow they are carrying 5,000 dollars in gold and notes."

She stepped back a little to better watch the effect of this communication in Wyndham's face. But he merely laughed.

"How do you know?" he said. "And how does it better me if they are?"

"The express agent tells me a great many things that he ought not to over the wires," she answered. "If I were a man I would count it a grand adventure to hold up a train in a wild place like this."



"I am ready for my part."

Her companion stared at her in amazement.

"One to hold up a whole train?" he said laughing.

"Four are needed," she answered, "one to flag the engine; three to overcome the officials. See," she added, "I am ready for my part," and unrolling a scarlet flag, she waved it backwards and forwards tauntingly before his face.

Wyndham sprang forward and seized her wrist.

"Look here, what do you mean?" he asked. His face was quite white.

"Hush," she cried, "even the hills have ears. Bend down and I will tell you exactly what put the idea into my head. Yesterday two men got off the train here, and came into the bar for two cigars. They told father that they intended to rest here a day and then start over the mountains southwards, prospecting for copper. When they went out he pointed them out to me." Dolly folded her arms and began to mimic her father's voice. "'I reckon thar's mischief in the air,' he said, 'I don't take much stock in that prospecting yarn. Those two men is Jim and Fred Owen of Kansas City. There's some devilry back of 'em gener'lly. When I was in Loss Anjelus, afore I married your mother, gal, I reckon they two were the worst feared men this side of New York State. Six times they held up the Sante Fé express, and thar wasn't a deputy sheriff in the country dare raise a finger against 'em.' That's what he said," finished Dolly a little breathlessly.

The moon had sailed up high into the heavens, and the broad glaciers on the mountain sides shone like burnished silver. When Dolly's whispering ceased the stillness was so great that Wyndham could hear his heart beating horribly against his side. He made a motion as if on the point of saying something, but no sound came from his lips.

The girl's hands slipped up his coat and met round his neck. He could feel her heart beating wildly as his own. She raised her lips to his, drawing his head down to her upturned face.

"Kiss me," she whispered. "Now go and fix up those men."

Wyndham found himself standing alone in the middle of the tract. Perhaps it was the cold night air which made him shiver.

* * * * *

All day long Rasselstoke depôt had been the scene of the wildest excitement. Peter S. Cockle was still busy at five o'clock in the telegraph office. Wyndham was sitting alone over the stove, holding his hands towards it, and every now and then his teeth chattered, as if the cold were eating into his marrow. Suddenly the door opened, and he started to his feet. It was Dolly. She had a

Digitized by Google

newspaper in her hand, and she passed it over to Wyndham with a laugh. "Read that," she said.

The paragraph was headed in black type: "Train Robbery," and, underneath, "C.P.R. train held up within ten miles of Rasselstoke."

Wyndham scanned it eagerly.

"A passenger and express train on the C.P.R. was held up and robbed by three masked men this morning in the pass known as the Devil's Canyon. The scene of the robbery was less than ten miles from the nearest depôt. The train was flagged at the entrance of the cut, according to the story the engineer tells, by a woman. While one of the robbers stood guard over the passenger coaches, the other two covered the conductor, engineer, and fireman with their pistols, and compelled them to go to the express car. There the robbers commanded the messenger to open the door of the car, threatening to use violence if he refused.

"After some delay the robbers were admitted. They compelled the messenger to open the safe, and extracted from it several packages. How much booty they secured cannot at this hour be ascertained, but the conductor of the train declares that the bandits secured nothing save several packages of jewellery, and a considerable sum of money addressed to a private individual.

"The express messenger had surmised what the trouble was, and while the bandits had been demanding admission he had concealed the greater part of the wealth he carried in a chickencoop, where it remained untouched.

"Taking up their booty, the robbers uncoupled the express car from the coach following it, and then marched their prisoners forward to the locomotive, where they compelled them to sit down on the bank alongside the track. The leader climbed into the cab, tried the air and steam, and then called to the man who was guarding the passenger coach to come forward. At this juncture the engineer cautioned the bandit to be careful with the locomotive, warning him that they were on a hill, and if he left the engine improperly guarded at the top, it would crash back into the train. The outlaw said he would take care of the locomotive. With this the men pulled out, having held up the train without firing a shot. They ran the locomotive several miles to Eagle Cutting, where they abandoned it. Passengers on the train did not know what had caused the delay until two hours afterwards. A deputy sheriff and a large posse have gone out in search, but it is thought the bandits have got well away. The stolen money was addressed to Laurence Wyndham at Rasselstoke. The consignor was Mr. Frank Wyndham, a well-known mine proprietor in the Cariboo district."

"I hate you!" she cried vehemently.

Wyndham looked up and found Dolly staring at him.

"You knew this?" he said quietly. "You knew that the money was consigned to me?"

"I did," said the girl defiantly. "When you tell Grace Cloud that you have reformed being a train robber you can tell her why it was. You can say you paid two accomplices 2,000 dollars to rob an express messenger of 5,000 dollars which happened to be your own. And you can say the other accomplice was a woman—a girl whom you despised, anyway, so it didn't matter, though she risked ten years in gaol to get even with you. There!"

And then in the midst of her defiance a great sob welled up and choked her.

"I hate you!" she cried vehemently, "I hate you!"

The truth was that she loved him.

Digitized by Google

Spanning a Chasm.

The liner *Nicaragua* was steaming up the Gulf Stream to Tampa. The weather was unexceptionable. There was little wind; the indigo sea was smooth and enlivened with the gambols of the flying fish; even Cape Hatteris had been in a good temper. Consequently, most of the saloon passengers were scattered about the after-decks, smoking, reading, chatting, or promenading beneath the awnings. There were some fifty men and women booked as first-class voyagers, and, with one exception, these were all aft or amidships.

The steerage passengers were forward, and were amusing themselves after the manner of their kind. There were but eight—on the South American lines steerage accommodation is limited—and these were evidently gentlemen who preferred a life on the "Long Trail, the trail that is always new," as Rudyard Kipling calls it, to any superfluity of worldly goods whatsoever.

Their raiment was not immaculate; their hats were disreputable; to a man they either chewed tobacco or smoked an atrocious brand of the same weed, and garnished their conversation with grisly oaths and objurations.

Two of them were reclining in the sunshine so lazily as almost to forget to puff their tobacco smoke, and the remaining six were engaged in a game of poker, of which the circulating medium consisted of matches, representing what cash basis I am unable to say. Cards are awkward things to handle on the open deck. It is necessary to keep them strictly under guard, lest a sudden breeze scatter them all abroad. This happened once or twice, causing profuse swearing and a hasty scramble to prevent them from going overboard, while the reclining pair opened their eyes and jeered at the players. Then the game proceeded anew.

The Rev. Samuel Oliver leant against the rail and watched them from a discreet distance. The Rev. Samuel was a student of character and characteristics, and especially of the characteristics of the classes which he was accustomed to consider "lower." The study was not precisely to his taste, though he strove to interest himself in it, for he believed that every clergyman should have some knowledge of how that Other Half lives which it is the object of his religion to benefit.

He engaged in the pursuit of this knowledge in a strictly scientific spirit, and was at first surprised to find that the masses possessed individualities, and were merry or sad in a personal, rather than an automatic fashion. In fact, he had always had a vague impression that they existed at all chiefly as material for philanthropic experiment.

It was on account of this habit that the Rev. Samuel had deserted the more refined companionship of the cabin passengers to watch from a distance the crude diversions of the denizens of the steerage. He did not like to approach them more closely or to address them, lest they might be impolite, and the minister hated to have people impolite to him. Even to speak to them would be of little advantage, for, as he pathetically reflected, he was at a great disadvantage.

He could not make himself sociable, as the heathen might, by the proffer of whisky or cigars, and of course there could be no subjects of common interest on which they might converse. He was, in fact, completely cut off from the men he wished to investigate.

One of these poker players in particular attracted his attention, as much by the easy grace with which he squatted on the deck and dealt the cards, as by an indefinable air of *savoir vivre*, of supremacy, with which he comported himself. When the game exploded in a perfectly amicable altercation, composed chiefly of profanity, this man swore more than all the rest together, and with a freedom and ingenuity that vexed the minister's soul.

Then a pocket flask was circulated in which peace seemed to be restored again. The man whom the Rev. Samuel had noticed glanced up as he was about to drink and saw the minister looking at him. Perhaps he misunderstood the look; perhaps not.

"Have a drink, partner?" he said, proffering the bottle.

The Rev. Samuel declined, and turned away with irritation in his heart—irritation against the man who could offer him liquor, and irritation against himself, for in the deepest depths of his own heart he was conscious of an embryonic sympathy with all this lawlessness—oaths and whisky and gambling, rank tobacco smoke and reckless irresponsibility.

Yet he was half conscious of what was going on behind him, and became aware that the man had followed the bottle with a tale. The Rev. Samuel heard it with half a mind. Big names rattled through it; London, Chicago, Paris, and Port Said were the stages where the drama transacted itself. There were strange and unlawful adventures, and the man was the hero of them all. The listener did not consider whether the man were lying; the story filled him with a sharp hostility. It was repugnant to him. It reminded him of Kipling's "Lost Legion," and the Rev. Samuel did not like Kipling. He inspired him with the same sort of holy terror—as of a billowy sea of lawlessness, wherein all the standards of morality and ethics were swallowed up.

Now the article which he was accustomed to consider his conscience began to reprove him for so far encouraging forbidden acts as to listen to their history. He went

Digitized by Google

aft again, into the clear atmosphere of education and refinement, white collars and civilisation, and felt better for the change. He told himself that a minister of the Gospel had no right in such company as that forward. Poverty, perhaps, and involuntary degradation, but never defiant vice. That was quite beyond the pale.

Yet this much-enduring man, this Ulysses of the steerage, had taken a strong hold on his mind. He sat on the little blue-velveted seat in his state-room and tried to imagine what such a life could be like. He could form only a vague idea of the shifts of fortune, of the kaleidoscopic changes, from saloon to steerage, and then to the stoke-hole; of aristocratic hotels and dock-side boarding-houses; of the tossings of every sea, and the armed march through life which the adventurer must support; of the bluffs and bullets, the cards and liquor, the Rev. Samuel supposed, and every kind of injury and peril that coloured such a career red, rather than black.

Down in the little narrow steerage cabin the man was singing, amid a company of his friends and spare deck-hands:

> We don't know nothing about the channel,
> What the lay of the course may be;
> But were out from the level, and away like the devil,
> On the criss-cross curly sea!

There was a shout on deck, an agonised screech from the whistle, and a rending crash that seemed to send a thrill through the very entrails of the big steamer. The screw gave a flutter and stopped, there was a roar of escaping steam, and the ship lay motionless, save for a nervous tremour that ran from bow to stern.

The Rev. Samuel Oliver was pitched to the floor in the midst of his meditations when the crash occurred. He picked himself up and opened the door into the saloon.

The great hall was full of people, swarming out of their rooms in every stage of undress, and crowding up the broad stairs to the deck. Nobody asked what was the matter; it seemed to be the general aim to get out into the open and see as quickly as possible.

The minister went up, or was carried up, with the current. Everybody stopped and stared about when they reached the deck, for there was nothing amiss, so far as could be seen. The electric lights burnt clear; the steamer lay quietly on the water; there was neither land nor ship in sight, and the steam was blowing off from the escape-pipe so violently as to drown most other sounds. When they looked forward, however, it was to behold an excited group of sailors gazing over the side, while the officer glared down from the bridge, and the captain issued orders to men who ran hither and thither about the decks.

There was a simultaneous rush to this point, which appeared the scene of action, but the gates of the fore-castle-head were closed, and the captain sternly ordered the passengers back from the cross-railing. Then they clustered amidships, and wondered and waited. Somebody had talk with some of the crew, and declared that the ship had struck upon a coral reef and torn three or four plates out of her bottom, and this explanation was accepted. Then came a rumour of the water-tight compartments having been closed, and having failed to prove water-tight; of insufficient boat space; of lack of life-buoys; of shoals of sharks that swarmed alongside. The raw material of a panic was rapidly developing itself.

Presently the steam stopped blowing off, and in the silence they could hear a rushing sound from the bows, as of running water. Then the screws began to throb again, and the ship moved forward with a grating noise over some obstacle, and then lurched heavily down into deep water. She steamed ahead for a hundred yards with apparent difficulty, and then came to a full stop again. This seemed to the passengers to be a confession of helplessness, and they were ready to rise up in mutiny. Then the captain came back, and his burly, laced presence restored some confidence. But his words were not reassuring.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "kindly go aft and form in two lines on the after-deck."

This was done, and it gave the frightened people something to think about.

Next the captain said:

"I am sorry that it has become necessary to leave the ship. But do not alarm yourselves, for there is no danger whatever. The shore is not many miles distant, the boats are quite sufficient to carry passengers and crew, and the weather is fine. The boats are being lowered, and the ladies will go first with the children. I trust that there will be no disturbance."

Now ensued a frenzied rush below to secure valuables and goods which it was clearly impossible to leave behind. In a few minutes they reappeared, most bearing huge bundles, which were promptly stopped by the officers. Nothing but the smallest of hand-baggage was allowed to go.

The gangway was lowered, and the boats secured at the bottom. Then the women and children came to the side and descended, one by one, very pale and frightened, but mostly silent. One by one they went down, the electric light shining on their white faces, till one boat had received its load and had pushed off.

Meanwhile the men were drawn up at a distance, watching the process of embarkation with severe self-control. A spirit of panic seemed to be abroad, which was only to be kept down by the most determined efforts. The Rev. Samuel felt it—a voice urging him to rush forward and seize his chance lest he be too late. He imagined he felt the ship sinking beneath his feet, that it was quivering for the plunge, could see the forms of sharks haunting the water alongside. There seemed enough on board to fill the boats twice over. Of course he must wait for his turn, but, good

Google

Heavens! why did they not make haste? He looked about and saw the same thought staring from the faces of the men about him. The sight vaguely alarmed him, and he turned aside and looked out over the rail. Even so he became aware of a man leaning over the side, close to him. It was the Man—the adventurer from forward.

He was looking down at the water as indifferently as if passing events were of no personal consequence whatever. He was chewing an unlighted cigar, and his hat was pulled over his eyes. The Rev. Samuel wondered if shipwrecks were of such frequent occurrence in his life as not to disturb him.

One boat had been filled and pushed off, as I said, and another was being brought round, when there was a sudden crash from below. It was only the upsetting of a barrel or crate, but it came upon the strained nerves of the passengers like thunder. A moment later the ship sagged forward and settled a little, with an obvious lurch.

That finished the business. There is always some one to rouse up the insanity dormant in every crowd, and this person raised a cry that she was going down. Two or three men started from the ranks. The action was instantaneous. Before the Rev. Samuel knew it, he was running headlong for the boat steps in the midst of a group of other men.

The captain dashed into their path, but he was trodden down. The crowd, mad with mere animal terror, rushed into the band of women gathered about the gateway, beat and hurled them to right and left, and struggled one with another, striking and cursing, to get first down the narrow steps. Two men were pushed out, lost their balance, and rolled down the stairs and into the water, where they were rescued by the boats.

The Rev. Samuel Oliver's congregation of Bethnal Green would scarcely have recognised their pastor in the hatless, dishevelled, flushed and panic-stricken man, fighting in a mob of other panic-stricken and dishevelled men to save his own valuable life, and the devil take care of the rest. He was conscious that he had knocked a woman down and had kicked another out of his way, but he felt no sort of shame at the fact. All his mind was concentrated in a wild endeavour to get in first, somewhere, to rescue himself from the ship that was sinking under his very feet. He screamed aloud, without being aware of it, and swore furiously with the same unconsciousness at those who blocked his way.

Suddenly there was a pause in the fighting, and the Rev. Samuel was aware of a man pushing his way into the press by main force. He carried an unlighted cigar in his mouth. He picked up a huge rioter with apparent ease and dropped him over the side, where he was rescued by the boats. Bang! and another was shot to the deck by a straight left-hander. He knocked a third over the prostrate one, and the others, as they were pushed forward by the pressure behind, fell over the pair, till a kicking, writhing heap was erected on the deck.

The rest of the crowd stopped, but the Rev. Samuel Oliver ran in blindly on the man who thus barred the way to life. He struck out wildly, but what could he do against practised hands? Like a flash the Rev. Samuel was lying on the heap of fallen, feeling as if a thunderbolt had struck him.

And now, the rebellion having been quelled, the man stepped forward and said:

"This way, ladies, if you please."

The embarking was continued, while the ship sank even lower, and the men at last got aboard in sullen silence. They were ashamed of themselves and of their conduct, and not one dared to look his neighbour in the face. Worst of all was the case of the minister. His eye was rapidly closing, his head ached furiously, and he had the consciousness that he, a minister of the Gospel, had played the part of a coward and a bully, while this outlaw and man of sin had acted the hero.

The reflection was intensely humiliating and yet contained a world of revelations. The minister had studied ethics and systems of morals, and had cultivated all the niceties of conscience; what was it, therefore, to chance upon a moment when all these things were swept away by the rush of raw human nature, and only the strong barbaric virtues could endure the shock? And to find himself wanting in these virtues, which had grown up in the breast of a man whom he had but lately called a heathen man and a publican, was a revelation, and if an unscriptural one, none the less wholesome for that. It was new to discern that there were big morals as well as little ones, and that the tougher kind did not always derive their strength from books of divinity.

The black mass of the steamer lay huge and low in the water behind them. The electric lights had gone out. The four boats were rowing steadily landwards. Each was filled to its utmost capacity, but not a soul was left behind.

The Man sat at the stern, talking carelessly with the second officer, who was in command. As the Rev. Samuel looked at him, he felt a wild desire to humiliate himself before this man, to apologise for his former contempt, to show that he admired his heroism and could almost condone his vices.

An idea came into his dazed brain, still humming from the effect of the blow. He leant over.

"I say, can you give me a drink?" he said, in as convivial a tone as he could manage.

The man looked at him curiously and handed his flask.

"Here's luck to you, partner!" said the Rev. Samuel Oliver, tipping it up.

The passengers stared at the aristocratic clergyman in amazement. They thought he had gone mad.

But the Rev. Samuel knew what he meant.

Arthur Reall.

On account of the Whitsuntide Holidays the next number of "S.S." will be published on Saturday, June 5th.

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD READ.

The question of what to give our girls to read has long been a difficult and moot point, but with the first Saturday in June all doubts on the subject must vanish. Our new paper, "GIRLS," is just the thing you are looking for. It is as bright and spirited and go-ahead as you like, and yet kindly and wholesome withal.

It is definitely intended for girls—all girls from ten to thirty—and the first monthly part, containing all the weekly numbers for May, appears, as I have already remarked, on Saturday, June 5th. The monthly parts, which are bound in a charming pale green cover, cost 6d., post free 8d., while the weekly numbers are a penny.

"GIRLS," I think I may say without any undue pride of possession, is the cheapest pennyworth going. The modern school-girl will find in its pages a bright, healthy, active note that I am sure not only she, but her parents will be delighted with, and consequently I advise you, if you want a copy, to send out and get it before they are all gone.

The June "GIRLS" will contain four excellent short stories; several chapters of an exciting serial by Miss Winifred Graham—"The Great House of Castleton"—and any number of fascinating articles touching on all the subjects that really do interest growing girls.

Digitized by Google

Short Stories

£50 IN 23 PRIZES. PICTURE PUZZLES. No. 5. Second Series.

1st PRIZE	Twenty Pounds in Gold.
2nd PRIZE	A Ten-Pound Note.
3rd PRIZE	A Five-Pound Note.
4th to 13th PRIZES	Ten Sovereigns.
14th to 23rd PRIZES	Ten Half-Sovereigns.

BELOW you will find ten pictures. Each represents the name of either a Peer of the Realm or the Heir of a Peer. The title alone is indicated, not the family name.

Write down their names in the spaces provided, and keep your lists until you are told to send them in.

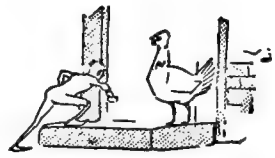
Don't be discouraged if you cannot solve them all. Others may be no more clever than yourself. Send in fifty-five, or fifty, or even fewer.

You may forward as many attempts as you like, but each set of six must be in a separate envelope, and will be considered separate attempts.

☞ The Names Depicted in Sets Numbered Five and Six Include the Names of the Heirs of Peers.

No. 41.....

No. 42.....



No. 43.....

No. 44.....

No. 45.....

No. 46.....

No. 47.....

No. 48.....

Remember these Things.

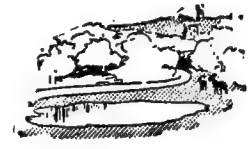
Young People should compete and get their elders to help them.

If there is any picture you cannot name some friend may be able to give you the information.

You need only give the titles of the people. The family names are not depicted.

Name.....

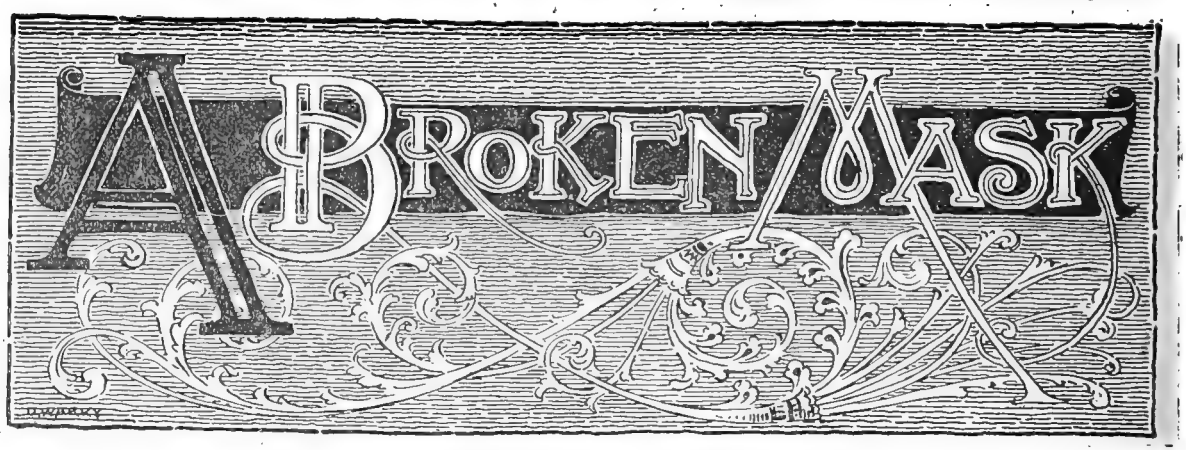
Address.....



No. 49.....

No. 50.....

Digitized by Google



BY JOAN BARRETT.

SUMMARY.

HONEYPOTS FARM has recently been taken by John Gillway.

Farmer Strange is a widower with twin daughters, Diana and Kitty, who have been brought up by a wealthy aunt, Mrs. Caffyn.

Gillway has already fallen in love with Kitty, who was at first pleased by his attentions. She soon wearied of them, but being half afraid of him, makes many promises of fidelity before going abroad with her sister and aunt, which she never intends to keep.

At Capri they meet with Bernard Eliot, nicknamed "the Nabob" on account of his wealth. He speedily wins the affections of all three ladies, but seems to prefer Di's society.

They return to London, and as the two girls have now attained their majority they are given the option of remaining with their aunt or returning to their father for good. Kitty chooses the former and Di the latter.

Diana meets Gillway, and hears for the first time of the relations which had existed between him and Kitty. The Nabob purchases an estate named The Towers, and lives there with his wife.

Di goes to The Towers for the Christmas festivities, and after the return of the house-party from a moonlight skate, Mrs. Caffyn discovers that her jewels have been stolen.

CHAPTER IX.

AUNT SHALES GIVES A CLUE.

THE corridor was filled with frightened people. Some of them had not discovered their losses; there was a rush into bedrooms and a wild overhauling of trinket cases and trunks when Lady Rivers had announced the theft of her jewels. In most cases the result of the search was disastrous. Almost everyone had been robbed of money and jewellery, but Kitty was the greatest sufferer. She had lost every article of personal adornment—Mrs. Caffyn's Christmas gift, her wedding presents, her husband's Christmas offering of a diamond spray, and a roll of banknotes, whose numbers were unknown to her.

The Nabob had also lost a large sum of money, together with many valuable papers and effects. In the drawing-room, the thieves had carried away a vast quantity of costly *bric-à-brac*, and a descent into the butler's pantry proved the robbery to be still more extensive.

The plate that had been used during dinner had disappeared, and a window, opening upon a path fringed with shrubs, was ajar. Below the window the shrubs had been broken and trampled upon, the gravel was displaced and scattered, and looked as though some heavy burden had been thrown down from the window.

The Nabob sent for the police and summoned the servants together in the library. All of them had been engaged with excellent characters, and the butler and housekeeper, who were man and wife, appeared to feel their position deeply. They brought the keys of their boxes and gave them to their master with entreaties that he would examine their possessions.

"It must have been done while the men and maids were watching the skating, sir," said the housekeeper tearfully. "I was in the kitchen with one of the girls, and I thought that I heard somebody moving about in the pantry; but I never dreamt that Marshall had gone with the torch-bearers, or I'd have gone and seen who it was!"

"I told you I was going," said the butler.

"I never heard you, and being so tired, sir, what with the ball and the clearing up to-day, I can't swear that I didn't fall asleep in my own room, and the green baize doors do shut out all sounds so, that unless they're propped wide open, it's for all the world like living in another house. You don't hear a sound of what goes on upstairs."

A party of searchers opened the servants' boxes, while another scoured the grounds. In some of the rooms a trinket or so were found upon the floor, but in most of the apartments the robbery had been so neatly done, that it was evident the thieves had felt themselves to be perfectly secure, and had not hurried over their nefarious task. Nothing to implicate the servants was discovered. They were dismissed, and the housekeeper left the library in tears.

The police arrived; the guests were interviewed, and a list of the lost property taken. The servants were cross-questioned by the inspector, but nothing fresh was elicited from them. It was evident from the inspector's manner that he suspected some person in the house to be in league with the thieves, and the housekeeper became more and more tearful.

"Oh, I'm sure he thinks that I know something about it, Miss Strange," she sobbed to Di, who stood near her.

"He must suspect somebody," said Di. "But that is no reason why he should suspect you more than another. Don't cry, Mrs. Marshall, you know that you are innocent, and that is everything."

"The master's sure to suspect me, too!" said Mrs. Marshall despondently, as she glanced at the Nabob's pale, stern face. And this reflection seemed to add to the poignancy of her grief.

Later in the morning as Di was in the garden, she saw a man peeping over a wall that divided the park from the grounds. He saw her, and hastily disappeared. Di fancied that it was Gillway, and she wondered more than ever why he hung about The Towers, and seemed so fearful of meeting her.

Possibly she had been mistaken in thinking that the man was Gillway. It might have been someone from the neighbouring village who had heard of the robbery, and had followed the policeman as far as the house. But a few hours afterwards, something happened that revived Di's suspicion that it was Gillway whom she had seen. In the vicinity of the wall, hidden in the shrubs, one of the gardeners discovered a flour sack partly filled with the stolen plate and small articles that had been missed from the drawing and dining rooms.

Clearly the thieves had been disturbed, and were unable to get clear away with their burden. Di

Digitized by Google

was among the anxious crowd that collected to view the sack. She examined it closely, and grew pale. By a certain mark upon it she knew that it belonged to Honeypots Farm! Was John Gillway concerned in the theft?

No one raised any objection to her leaving The Towers that day. Kitty was too hysterical and upset to think of anything except her losses. Mrs. Caffyn was depressed and gloomy, and the Nabob seemed anxious and miserable.

"I wonder if I dared suggest to my friends—if they would let me replace the things!" he said to Mrs. Caffyn, when they were waiting in the hall with Di for the dog-cart that was to take her back to her father. "I suppose it wouldn't be quite the thing, would it?"

"Good gracious, no, Bernard! As if you can help it, you poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Caffyn, growing suddenly bright. "Your own losses are considerable, and you've the annoyance of hearing everybody's complaints, and the horrid feeling of helplessness to bear that we haven't. Poor Di!" she added, passing her arms lovingly around Di's waist. "I meant to send you home richer, my dear, and you are going back poorer than when you came!"

"Di, you'll let me make it up to you, won't you?" the Nabob asked eagerly.

"Catch the thieves," said Di; "that is all I want——" She stopped suddenly. What had she said? If John Gillway *was* a thief, she did not want him to be punished.

"But he can't be!" she told herself angrily as she drove home by the side of a stolid groom. "I am wicked to have such a thought."

Farmer Strange's endless exclamations and questions concerning the robbery gave Di no time to think of anything else that day.

"I'm glad I didn't go," said he complacently. "I might have lost old granddad's turnip, and none of your new-fangled timekeepers 'ud ever have made up for it."

Di called upon Aunt Shales the following afternoon. Her anxiety about Gillway seemed to grow deeper, in spite of her constant reiterations to her listening heart that Gillway could have had no hand in the robbery. She found Aunt Shales in the cosy, well-kept kitchen, talking to her niece Polly in a sweet, cooing voice that contrasted strangely with the younger woman's shrill, vixenish tones.

"Lawks, Poll, my dear, I wouldn't take it to heart—no, that I wouldn't! Everybody knows what Jane be to their sorrer. Bless us, if it ain't Miss Strange! Do 'e come in. It's a rare long whiles since you've put your ten toes inside of my kitching. That it is, an' I've got the kittle on, an' that Em'ly's a-toasting Sally Lunns in the scul'ry. Leastways, she *ought'er* be a-toastin' of 'em, but it's more likely she's a-burnin' an' a-blackin' of 'em to match the grate in colour. Talk about havin' trials!" cried Aunt Shales, fixing her small twinkling eyes upon the wrathful-looking Polly. "Some folks dun'no the real meanin' of the word, that they don't. I'd like some of 'em to live inside my shoes, that I would. Well, there, everybody's got somethink to bear—some's got one thing and some another—but as I say, *do* let's be happy while we can, seein' as the hearse an' the undertaker's a-waitin' for us—leastways, for all of us as ain't obliged to have a walkin' funeral—an' the sooner it comes for some folks the better for them as is left behind, spesh'ly when they seems to be here for no other purpose than to breed mischief and riots in fam'lies, *an'* atwixt parties what asks nothin' better than to be lef' in peace an' quiet. What, goin' already, Poll? Well, there, the best of friends must part, musn't they? I on'y hopes as Jane'll step this way! I'll give her a towslin', drabbit her. Trust me for it, Poll!"

"If I'm disturbing you," began Di, as Polly departed with a loud bang of the heavy door and an exclamation to the effect that other folks besides Aunt Jane merited "towslin'."

"Lawks, *that* you ain't. I on'y wishes as *all* my visitors was as pleasant to the eyes as you be, Miss Di, that I do!" cried Aunt Shales, beaming upon Di, and making a cheerful rattle with the best gold-and-white tea-things upon a gaily-painted tray. She paused, with a glittering tea-pot in her hand, to say feelingly: "What a dreadful thing that rob'ry is at The Towers! Miss Kitty that was—Mrs. Eliot, as I oughter call her, seein' as she's married an' done for, po'r thing—must 'a felt reg'lar upset a-losin' all her jewels like that! An' Lady Rivers, po'r soul, to go an' be robbed of them em'ralds of hers! Seems as if it was to be, don't it? An' to think as I was a-tellin' Mr. Gillway about 'em on'y the other day, 'cause I saw 'em at the hunt ball, when she was a-dancin' like any May Queen, through the cracks in the hangings, po'r lady! I did hear as she'd gone stark, starin', ravin' mad, and I dun'no who'd blame her for it, that I don't," she said, placing the tray upon her cherished oak table and turning up its shining leaf in honour of her visitor. "'Course you lost your things, too, seein' as the whole house was swep' as clean as that blessed chimney when Cranks ain't drunk, which ain't none too often, wuss luck!"

Di related her own losses and those of the other guests, to the intense delight of her listener. When she came to the recovery of the stolen plate in the flour sack, Aunt Shales became greatly excited.

"Lawks, Miss Di!" she exclaimed, "just to think of that now! As I've allays said, there's them as can keep things to their own selves, and there's them as is too open to keep quiet when they can speak the Gospel truth. An' as I says, what's the use of our bein' given a tongue if we're to sit stock still like one of them scarecrows in a cherry orchard what never opens a lip, nor can't, not if it was to be paid twenty golden sovereigns! In a flour sack! I do declare it gives me the cold shivers to sit here in my own kitching an' think of it! It's a mercy we wasn't all murdered in our blessed beds, an' so I said to Mr. Gillway when he told me not to breathe a word about them sacks bein' missin' from the granary, an' I should never have known about *that* if one of the men didn't come as bold as brass an' ask me if

Passing her arms lovingly around Di's waist.

I'd bin a-takin' them new sacks to lay down in my scul'ry!"

"When were the sacks missed?" asked Di. Her heart was beating violently. Had John Gillway a hand in the robbery after all?

"Well, it was yesterday as that Fletcher poked his impudent face inside that very door, an' asked me what I meant by takin' them new sacks as was all marked in red with a H and a F for Honeypots Farm. I sent him out of this room a sight quicker than he came in, that I did, and Mr. Gillway came in soon after, and sez he: 'Mrs. Shales, don't go a-talkin' to anybody about them sacks bein' took, or we shall never catch the thief,' sez he. But, 'pend upon it, he'd his own reasons for a-wantin' me to keep a still tongue, Miss Di. Mr. Gillway must have heard as that sack had been found, an' to think as he could shet his lips to *me*, an' never let out a blessed word about it!" said Aunt Shales, with a shake of her grey head.

"Was it early yesterday morning that—that Mr. Gillway spoke to you?"

"It was just after breakfast, 'bout eight by that very clock a-hangin' by your side, Miss Di. Lawks, you ain't a-eatin' nothin'! Let me put a drop o' somethink in your tea to keep the cold out, do now."

"No, no, thank you," stammered Di. "I never eat much at tea."

She felt sick and choking with fear. The sack of stolen plate had not been discovered until ten or eleven o'clock. As she rose to pull on her gloves, despite Aunt Shale's protestations, Gillway came abruptly into the room. Di thought that he cast a quick, suspicious glance from her pale face to his housekeeper's rosy, smiling visage. His own face looked dark with care.

"I was going to Greyhouse to-night," said he when he and Di had shaken hands. "I wanted to see Mr. Strange; I'll return with you now."

As they crossed the frozen fields he said sharply:

"How pale you are! Have the festivities been too much for you, or has the robbery frightened you, Miss Strange?"

Di looked at him very steadily. She saw the red colour burn in his face as his eyes met hers.

"I," not so easily frightened," she answered, "nor so

"When were the sacks missed?"

"Oh, I know I'm wicked!"

weak—as you think. Have you heard of the discovery of one of your missing sacks, filled with plate, in the garden at The Towers?"

"Yes. I knew of the discovery yesterday. Did you lose many things?"

"I had so little to lose. The thieves took two bracelets that had been given me for Christmas presents. Aunt Caffyn gave me one and Bernard the other."

"Valuable ones?"

"I think so."

"You must have deeply regretted your loss—especially the loss of 'Bernard's' bracelet," said Gillway in a bitter voice.

"I would rather be the loser than the thief, Mr. Gillway."

"So I should imagine, from what I have seen of you," he retorted; and then he added, in the same morose tones: "You appeared to enjoy the skating very much on Christmas night."

"I did—very much. I saw you by the edge of the pond."

"And I saw you—with Mr. Eliot. You passed me several times."

"Why didn't you speak? And why did you run away on Christmas Eve, when I—when we were in the conservatory?" she demanded.

"I ran because I had no wish to be seen."

"It is not very honourable to—to *prowl* about people's grounds, and to stare in at their windows, and—and—to do things that are not quite open," cried Di, growing incoherent in her pain and anger.

"Do you think not? I might retaliate—if I had the right. Not having the right to criticise *your* conduct I am dumb."

"I don't understand you! And I have no desire to," said Di. "I know that I have no right either to criticise what you do, but I think that for Kitty's sake you—you ought not to be seen hanging about The Towers. She is thoughtless, and means no harm."

"And I am not thoughtless, and I *do* mean harm. Is that your opinion of me, Miss Strange?" he asked very quietly.

Digitized by Google

"I don't want to form any opinion about you. But if you run away when you are seen staring into windows, and refuse to take any notice when you are called, and must know that you have been seen, I can't help thinking that you feel ashamed of having been detected. That is all, Mr. Gillway," said Di, holding her head very high, and passing into the house before he could answer. "Oh, he is not a thief!" she said to herself when she was alone in her room. "He still loves Kitty, and it was to see her that he watched by the pond and in the grounds. But he is not a thief! I am sure he is not!"

The reflection did not seem to afford her much relief, for she cried a great deal that night, and looked so wan when the Nabob called the following morning that he was distressed to see her.

The Towers was nearly empty, he told her. Kitty was intensely miserable, and no clue to the perpetrators of the robbery had been found. Di returned with him to The Towers, yielding to his persuasions that she could comfort Kitty. But Kitty refused to be consoled.

Tired and wretched-looking, she cried over the loss of her ornaments, and grew angry and impatient with Di and the Nabob when they tried to take a cheerful view of the case. Nor did her distress lessen as time went on. She relapsed once more into the irritable woman who had found no happiness in life at Greyhouse Farm. She was peevish with her husband, rude and curt in her manner to him, and seemed to take a childish and unreasoning delight in paining him.

Sometimes when Di was taking a lonely walk over the fields or through the wintry lanes, she came upon Kitty's horse tethered to a tree, and two figures—a man and a woman — talking together. Di returned home with a sore heart. She knew that the man and woman were John Gillway and Kitty. Did the Nabob suspect the flirtation that was going on? Di told herself that he must, for only a blind man could fail to see Kitty's strange vivacity when Gillway was present, and her dull depression when he had left her. But her husband made no sign of understanding.

He seemed to grow even more patient and gentle with Kitty, taking no apparent notice of her snubs and irritability, but always treating her with the same kindness and tender consideration. He appeared determined to shut his eyes to her caprices and ill-temper and growing infatuation for the man whom she had jilted for his sake.

"Oh, Kitty!" Di said once to her sister when she had ridden over to The Towers. "How can you speak so unkindly to Bernard?"

Kitty laughed, and the laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"I don't speak more unkindly to him than I feel," she said passionately. "Oh, I wish I had never married him!"

"But you were so happy at Christmas," said Di. "You said then that your marriage was an ideal one."

"That was all pretence," said Kitty; "I wanted aunt to think we were happy, so that I might get the money she promised me. I shan't get it now; she's not going to give me anything until she dies; the loss of her jewels is to blame for *that*."

"You are most unreasonable, dear. Surely you don't hold Bernard responsible for the robbery?"

"He ought to have *made* the horrid police find my things! Just think of my beautiful diamonds, and the moonstones and emeralds and everything!"

"I forbid you to utter one word to your sister."

"How can he make the police discover them, dear? Do be more reasonable, Kitty. Have you forgotten how Bernard forgave you for practising that deception about your fortune upon him?"

Kitty burst into tears, covering her face with her thin hands.

"Oh, I know I'm wicked," she sobbed. "But I can't help it, Di. I thought I loved him, indeed, I did. And now I hate him!"

"Hush, hush, dear," Di said gently, placing her arm around Kitty's shoulders. "Kitty, don't think me prying or censorious, dear; but is it right to meet John Gillway as you do? Aren't you giving people cause for gossip?"

With a quick jerk Kitty wrenched herself away.

"Bernie has told you to speak to me about John!" she cried. "I don't care what people say. He's the only person who understands what I suffer, and if I didn't talk to him I should kill myself."

The robbery at The Towers took place at Christmas. In the early days of February a second robbery at the residence of a big country magnate was perpetrated, and this time the plunderers escaped with an enormous quantity of plate. Before the police had finished making inquiries about this second robbery, a third one was committed, and again the thieves made a most successful haul.

Di met Kitty and Gillway walking together near Honeypots Farm upon the morning that succeeded the night of the third robbery. Kitty seemed greatly excited. Her cheeks were scarlet, and her eyes unnaturally bright.

At sight of Di she broke from Gillway's side and ran to her. "Oh Di!" she exclaimed, "I must tell you! I can't keep the secret——"

Gillway took a hasty step forward and laid his hand upon Kitty's arm. He had not winced beneath the steady scorn in Di's eyes.

Digitized by Google

"I forbid you to utter one word to your sister," he said in an authoritative manner. "There is no need to make her unhappy yet—she must learn everything before long."

"Oh, I must tell her. Do let me. She thinks——"

"You will ruin us, Kitty, if you break silence until no harm can come of speech," said Gillway, between his set teeth.

"There is but one man in the world who has the right to command Kitty. You are not that man," cried Di, as she turned imploringly to Kitty, throwing out her hands towards the shrinking little figure.

"Oh, Kitty, tell me, dear, trust in me—have faith in my love!"

John Gillway drew Kitty's trembling arm through his own, and faced Di. Once his stern mouth had twitched; it was the only sign he gave of understanding her pain.

"Kitty cannot tell you, Miss Strange," he said. "I have a claim upon her obedience in this matter. I must exact it."

Ignoring Gillway, Di uttered her sister's name in tones of passionate entreaty and tender yearning.

"No, no," murmured Kitty, clinging closer to Gillway and looking now at Di with terrified, childish eyes. "I—I have nothing to tell you, Di, nothing at all; indeed I haven't!"

As Di turned almost savagely upon Gillway, the sound of a horse's hoofs ringing upon the frosty ground fell upon her ears. Kitty and Gillway caught the echo.

"It is Bernie!" Kitty cried breathlessly. "Take me away. Oh, don't let him see me!"

Gillway drew her into an adjoining field, and the next moment Kitty passed Di upon her horse. Her little face was ghastly pale under the narrow brim of her black riding hat, and her lips were blue with the chill of fear. Di made no effort to arrest her. Silently she watched Kitty disappear in the direction of The Towers, and then she retraced her steps homewards, cold with dread and oppressed with a sick, nameless apprehension that made her heart feel like a dead weight in her breast.

(To be continued.)

HEY, RUBE!

Who was he?

Only a circus performer—a leaper who was accustomed to doing flying-trapeze acts and leaping from a spring-board, amid the plaudits of the spectators, who enjoyed it all the more that it was just possible he might miss and dash himself into fragments at their feet. How graceful he is in his silk tights and spangled waist, slight and small, yet Hurculean in strength.

The doctor at the hospital was accustomed to dying men, accustomed to sorrowful heart histories, to sad, sad scenes of parting and death. But he had nothing to do with them. He was there to learn something of interest to science; to study the laws of anatomy; to reduce a fracture successfully, or kill a fever.

He looked into dying eyes, not to read the secrets they held of a life that had passed, but to observe how coma affected them, and to interpret the value of bromide or morphine. This hospital doctor would have done the same thing in the following case, but for one of those curious links in the chain of life which demand a conversation of interests whether we will or no. He had gone one day last summer to the circus, and his two little boys with him; they had been delighted with the double treat—that of being with papa, and seeing the glory of wonderland. One little fellow had gone wild over the gymnast and leaper, the man who shot into the air, came down upon his feet, turned a somersault, kissed his finger-tips to the spectators, and sped on feet of air from the ring.

Now, there was something strange in the fact that when one of the little fellows died—as he did suddenly and unexpectedly, as children go—he in dying talked of this man. And it was strange that the doctor saw nothing of interest in his patient till his other boy, going the rounds with him, pulled at his coat and whispered:

"It's Bertie's man, papa; the one that jumped over all the horses and into the air, and went over and over. Oh, papa! won't you mend him up?"

But the poor fellow was past mending, and the doctor knew it. He had made a mis-step, and, falling, struck on his head and shoulders, and they had picked him up and carried him out, and he had lain here ever since. His comrades had left him, with many a handshake and sympathetic tear, and gone on without him, and he did not care. What was there left for him in life?

When the doctor knew who the man was he thought of his dead boy, and at once began the task of making death easy to him. That was all he could do, just smooth with kindness that sure descent we must all tread.

"Who is Lulu?" asked the doctor.

The day which would have no morrow came at last to the sick man, and all the morning he lay sleeping and dozing, and at night he was dying; his cheeks were red with fever heat; he was in a delirium, and imagined himself in the circus, listening to the plaudits of the crowds. Over and over again he repeated the name of Lulu.

"Who is Lulu?" asked the doctor, with a hope of releasing the troubled spirit from dwelling on the past.

"An angel," said the dying man, faintly and brokenly; "an angel in Heaven now. But she was my good angel on earth—mine—mine—mine! Do you hear, doctor? I defy you to part us there—you cannot! You dare not!"

The doctor gave him a soothing draught, but he grew wilder, and raved of Lulu—only Lulu!

"Listen," he cried; "do you hear that call? It means trouble in the circus. Not among the animals, the wild savage beasts, but among men, aye, and women, too. Ah, doctor, she was all I had; just my little Lulu. We had thought it so cruel not to have known and loved each other all our lives, but she was a wife before I knew her. Good Heavens, how he abused her; and when they told her he was dead the poor child went out into the world for herself, and I found her—quick, doctor, give me water; I am strangling."

The doctor lifted his head, and the water gurgled in the throat of the dying man. He could no longer swallow, but it cooled his parched lips.

"I taught her to do the trapeze business. She was small and light and quick. She was beautiful and innocent. How I loved her! And after we had been together for about a year she married me, and we were happy—so happy! And she played so well. Her eyes shone with her new happiness. Her heart was so light that she attracted crowds, and one night in the season here—oh, doctor, it is hard for a dying man to talk—she—she just took the house by storm. There was an ovation. She was recalled again and again. The manager doubled her salary on the spot, but we didn't care for that. It was just the triumph in her art—we loved each other, and the life, too."

The leaper, who could never again hear the applause he once coveted, lifted the portrait in his hands to his lips and kissed it fervently. He looked so strong and bright that a neophyte in matters of life and death would have mistaken him for a man in good health.

"The next night Lulu was to give them a new and dangerous feat, and the house was full, crowded, and she never looked so lovely. I made my great leap and ran out of the ring, and found Lulu waiting to go on. She looked so small and sweet, so like a lovely, affectionate child; she was so innocent and altogether lovely, I just took her in my arms and kissed her. It was the last time!

"'Teddie,' she said, laying her soft cheek against mine, 'Teddie, we've been happy, haven't we?'

"'And will be as long as we live,' I said.

"Then I saw that she had been crying, and I was going to say she could not go on, when the call for her came, and she was gone. She turned and looked at me as she went in—Yes, yes, Lulu, I'm coming."

The doctor did not move; there was no irregularity in the man's breathing now, and he spoke distinctly and fast, but the medical man was not deceived. It was the beginning of the end. Even his thoughts wandered, and he held imaginary conversation with that Lulu he loved.

"I said she went on; she did her part splendidly, and won round after round of applause, and came off; but I did not see her, as I had another leap to make, and as I went into the ring the first person I saw was a cross-eyed man. We show people are superstitious, doctor, and—oh, this pain!—I knew that meant bad luck. I was just balancing for the leap when there came a cry—oh, doctor, I can hear it yet—that cry stands for 'Help' among circus people. It was Lulu, and her voice rang out over the whole crowd, 'Hey, Rube!' I heard it, and the shot that followed, but I was balanced for the leap, and could not stop, and I fell short. That was why they left me here."

"And Lulu?" suggested the doctor, as he saw the dying man's attention wander.

"Lulu is dead. Shot, they told me afterwards, by her husband, who was alive after all. But it's all right, doctor—all right. There is no marriage nor giving in marriage there. Yes—yes—my darling; I am coming—coming—coming!"

The doctor's watch lay on the table, and counted and ticked off the minutes. When the hand hour pointed to midnight, the ward was asleep, and strange, drifting shadows like intangible visitors swept up and down the long vista, and wrapt all the suffering inmates in their beneficent arms. Then, in the solemn stillness, a strange, weird cry rang out like the notes of a war trumpet or the midnight call of some brooding tropical bird:

"Hey, Rube!"

It seemed to come out of space. The white faces of disturbed sleepers peered into the shadows a moment, than all fell back to sleep, thinking it a troubled dream. The doctor looked at the face of the man he was watching—and he was asleep, too.

H. Argande.

ROYAL THANKSGIVING NUMBER
OF
"The Sunday Reader."

ON SALE THURSDAY, JUNE 3rd.

A MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING GIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY COPY.

5,500 BOOKS TO BE PRESENTED AS PRIZES TO READERS.

These Magnificent Books will Include:

500 Copies of "Through Bible Lands." By Dr. Phillip Schaff, 434 pages, 20 full-page engravings.

1,000 copies of "For Honour, Not Honours." By Dr. Gordon Stables. The finest biography of General Gordon ever published.

1,000 copies of "Hearts of Oak." By Dr. Gordon Stables. An entrancing story of Nelson and the Navy.

500 copies of "Clare Avery," a story of the Spanish Armada. By Emily S. Holt.

500 copies of "The Story of Martin Luther." By E. Warren.

500 copies of "The Lost Jewel." By A.L.O.E.

500 copies of "Jean Lindsay, the Vicar's Daughter." By Emily Brodie.

500 copies of "Frank Usher; or, Soldiers of the Cross."

500 copies of "Denham Hall," a story of Wycliffe's days.

PADRE GIOVANNI'S MIRACLE.

I.

ANTONIO and Lucia were on their wedding journey. To Antonio it was not a new experience. In earlier days, with Margherita's little brown hand tucked under his arm, he had trudged over the dusty road to Brescia, where, in the church of Marie del Carmine, the good padre married them. Margherita was just sixteen and wonderfully pretty. Antonio was young too, and very proud of the dark eyes which sought his so trustingly.

Both were happy. They had always been lovers. People said she was much too good for the handsome, lazy fellow, but she did not know it. Another young man loved her madly, but she did not know that either, or that after she married he went away and became a priest.

One day they carried the little wife out through the Porto Milano, down the long avenue of cypress to the Campo Santo. Of course Antonio was disconsolate; but it came to pass that—from very loneliness, perhaps—he soon fell prey to another pair of eyes, blacker and bolder than Margherita's. Then, naturally enough, followed the second wedding journey.

They were going to Venice. Lucia was herself Venetian, and it had needed no argument to induce Antonio to remove there, since it had long been the darling wish of his heart. Although the day was warm, Lucia was arrayed in all her bridal finery. To be sure, the high collar of her gown was far too straight for her portly throat; her fat, red arms protruded awkwardly from the tight sleeves; but that was nothing; nor was she unhappy because her white gloves refused to become amenable to buttons.

The bridegroom, however, was not so passive under the restraint of his unaccustomed impedimenta. Once established in the railway carriage, he hastened to divest himself of hat and coat, bestowing them in the network overhead, along with Lucia's bonnet on its big bandbox, and Angelo's cap and shoes. Sure enough, there was Angelo—Margherita's child, big-eyed and olive-cheeked—who should not be overlooked; though when one comes to think about it, he did seem rather out of place in a wedding party. Yet the boy amused himself as only motherless children do, and troubled nobody.

At Verona, two priests got into the carriage. To one of them Antonio was well known. Was it not he who had settled the padre's fate for him by marrying the woman whom they both loved? Antonio had been unconscious of a rival, and there had been no quarrel; so there was now no ill-feeling on the part of either man. Padre Giovanni had forgiven Antonio for loving Margherita—who could help loving her?—but he pitied himself for losing her. Under certain conditions, indeed, he was even capable of compassion for another bereft of her, but now—Lucia rested her head on her husband's willing shoulder with her hand in his, quite openly, as without doubt they had the right, even in a railway carriage; for were they not newly-married? At a glance the young priest recognised in Lucia, Margherita's successor. He watched her furtively, noting the velvety blackness of her eyes, whose too heavy eyebrows met across a wide expanse over the nose. Then he recalled the sweet face of Margherita, and it was no wonder that the new wife suffered by the comparison.

A nod of greeting passed between the two men, but wishing to discourage further advances, the padre opened his breviary and fell to reading. Meanwhile, the love-making prospered in one corner, and the child—flushed and tired—slumbered in another. Yet strive against it as he would, Padre Giovanni's mind ever wandered from the printed page. By-and-bye his regard strayed to the motherless boy, and lingered there. Margherita's coquettish smile hovered about his mouth as he dreamt. Who would caress him now?

Of course, Antonio was proud of the child's beauty; but what assurance was there that this woman would be kept from ill-treating him? She seemed capable of it, the padre thought. His heart waxed hot within him as he brooded. "Ah, if it had but pleased God to give me Margherita's love," he sighed—"and this child!"

Angelo moved uneasily in his sleep. Both parents were too much engrossed with each other to notice him, so the padre adjusted the little body to a more comfortable posture, wasting, as he did so, a withering look on the all-unconscious couple.

II.

THE distorted shadows of a Venetian evening were lying darkly on canal and street, when Padre Giovanni passed out of the church of San Marcilliano and, seeing no gondola on the Rio della Misericordia, quickly made his way to the Ria San Felice where one was always sure to be passing. In the interval which elapsed between the "Spth" with which he hailed a boatman, and the appearance of a gondola, there was a splash in the water.

It was rapidly growing dark, and the padre was in a hurry, but something made him hesitate. Now, the padre's heart was tender towards all helpless things, and he could just discern a small, dark object, struggling in the canal. Without stopping to consider further than that some poor creature was in trouble, in cassock and shoes he plunged in, soon to reappear with the limp form of a child in his arms.

A ready application of the simple remedies at his command was at last rewarded by a faint sigh. Lighting a taper, the padre stooped low and peered into the face of—Angelo! There had been no outcry. The waiting gondola, until then unobserved, was impressed, and the good padre had slipped with his precious charge into the darkness.

During the next few days he was but dimly conscious that something had happened. Weak and inert, he accepted his new condition unquestioned. The unwearying devotion of the padre was such a new phase in Angelo's experience that natural home-sickness was turned to languid satisfaction.

Padre Giovanni was in no haste to spare his small guest. Long before he would admit—even to himself—the boy's convalescence, they were fast friends. At last there came a time when the padre could no longer temporise.

Then into his heart dropped an evil thought which took root and grew apace, for it had fallen in fertile soil. "What more fitting," he asked himself, "than that the Church adopt this child of the sea? Is not Her seal set upon him in baptism? Has he not been miraculously restored from death by a humble servant of the Church? Moreover," as the most binding clause of a will is its codicil, so the padre kept his stoutest argument in reserve—"moreover, surely Margherita would have it so, and should not he undertake that her son be trained for the priesthood?"

"For Margherita's sake," had been his dominating motive since he first beheld her face. Many a battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil, had he fought—and won, too—in the name of that sweet saint.

So, that which at first seemed but an episode in Padre Giovanni's quiet life, came by degrees to absorb it. One so methodical as he must of necessity resume his old habits after a time, but it was with a difference. The lad could not be suffered to renew his acquaintance with the neighbourhood of San Marcilliano; at least, not until it should have been effaced from his memory.

This was not difficult to accomplish, since Angelo was lodged with the priest's sister; but it involved the daily separation under which the padre fretted! Sometimes as he approached the house at night, a sickening dread possessed him lest harm had befallen the child. From the parting till the happy meeting a sweet refrain was ever singing in his heart. The church bells rang: "Angelo!" The great organ pealed: "Angelo!" The very splash of the gondolier's oars kept time to the name.

In the main, Padre Giovanni's conscience was docile, if one eliminated a menacing prick when he chanced to meet Angelo, gloomy and dark, as he paddled his boat—not for very joy of sky and sea—only for hire.

Were there no sunshine, there would be no shadows, and it is not strange that across these two happy lives a little cloud flitted. One day the padre awoke to the discovery that the lad hummed a lilting gondolier-song far oftener than the solemn music of the Church. That was but natural for one so young, the man admitted, comforting himself so; nevertheless he pondered over it a long time. Troubles, like snowballs, grow bigger every time they are turned over, and, truth to tell, the passing years did not mend matters.

"I wish I might have been a gondolier, *amico mio*," sighed Angelo, tossing away his book and stretching himself to his full height one day when an especially hard lesson confronted him.

"A handsome head to be so empty," thought the padre, but he said severely: "Boy, did God deliver thee from the danger of death to turn thy back upon Him?"

"Ah, no!" answered the boy humbly, "but I should have been happier so."

And the padre, perceiving the truth, took counsel within himself and resolved to give the graceful, restless youth a little longer tether.

III.

It was Christmas Eve. The midnight mass was over. Prince and pauper jostled each other as they crowded out of the church. Stiff with cold, Padre Giovanni was gathering up his precious parcels of mustard and mandorlato, which he had secured *a buon mercato*, for Angelo's treat, when a woman in sore distress entered his confessional box.

"Oh, *padre mio*," she sobbed, "my heart is breaking. I am a second wife. I love my husband and I have been faithful to him. Ten years ago, our boy—his boy. I have never been a mother—was lost, or stolen, or drowned. My husband accuses me of the crime because I was jealous of the child. I was jealous, he looked so like his pretty mother. But God knows I never did him harm. Indeed, I tried to be kind to him for the father's sake. All these years we have lived a miserable existence. My husband is old, yet he is still a young man. I am all to blame for taking the dead woman's place. I can bear it no longer. To-night I am going to end it. Oh, *padre mio*, absolve me, absolve me, I pray!"

The church was oppressive with palpitating silence. The last priest had deserted his stall. The altar candles had been extinguished. The air was biting in its chill. Again the penitent pleaded for pardon.

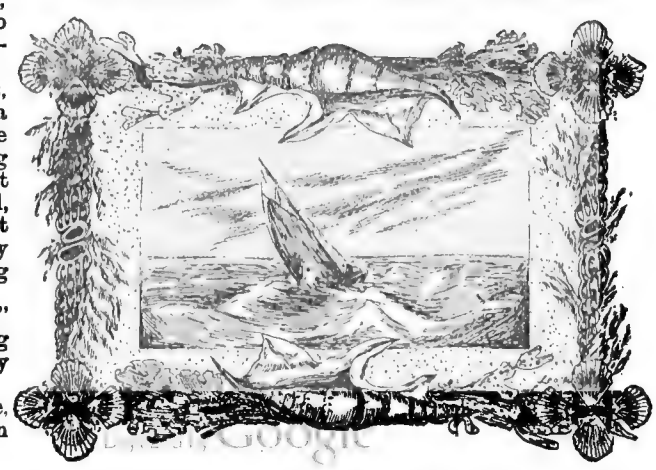
"Pity me, padre! Oh, pity and forgive my sins." The voice that answered was hoarse and strange.

"I will pray God for thee, my daughter. I cannot give thee absolution for the evil purpose which is hidden in thy heart. Pray Him to cast it out."

"Alas, alas!" moaned the woman. "To die is happiness, but oh, to live, I cannot!" Her voice was choked with weeping. The rising wind wailed drearily. The padre shivered, but was silent. Another piteous cry was poured into the unseen, listening ear.

"In the name of the Church I forbid thee to do thyself harm!" sternly answered the priest. "Pray, pray, my daughter, against temptation," he went on more gently. "God is able to comfort thee, if it please Him. Thy son may be restored to thee. Go in peace, my child."

The first streak of dawn found Padre Giovanni where



the woman had left him. It had cost a mortal struggle to give her his ghostly consolation. By the hint of possible restitution to averta crime, had he not compromised with his own conscience? Would God hold him responsible for the letter of his unspoken promise?

What was this stranger that he should be called upon to pay such a penalty for her life? Was not Angelo already her ward? And, after all, what right had he to settle the lad's fate? A blank wall seemed to shut him in. A sense of suffocation overpowered him, and he stepped out into the church. Perhaps the morning light comforted him, for with it came the thought: "Would Angelo leave me, were the opportunity given him?" He clutched at the gleam of hope which the question suggested. As he reasoned within himself he took heart. "Angelo shall choose between us," he said, and with a sigh he left the church and made his way towards home. Confident of Angelo's love, he tried to shake off his fears.

The sun was now fully up, and the streets were astir. The padre stopped at a stall and asked the price of a fine cluster of grapes, then passed on, without waiting to hear the reply. He turned his face up to the sun. It refused to warm him. Every step grew heavier. A revulsion of feeling took possession of him. He scorned himself as if he were regarding the moral obliquity of a fellow-man. He now no longer tried to put any other construction upon his evil doing. And he an annointed priest! Goaded by such reflections, he was almost ready to give himself up to justice, when the radiant face of Angelo shone out upon him from a balcony at a turn of the street. In that glance every consideration was put to flight, except the wild longing to keep the lad for ever.

"Padre Giovanni!" cried Angelo, springing down to meet him. "Art thou ill, *amico mio?* How pale thou art, and how cold!" seizing, as he spoke, one of the padre's trembling hands.

"Angelo, there be they that would claim thee," gasped the man breathlessly, lest his courage fail him. "Wouldst thou change thy lot? Wilt thou leave me for strangers—strangers, dear child?"

"To go whither?"

"To thy father's house, boy, where are none but himself and thy—thy stepmother."

"And who is my father, *padre mio?* A glass-maker, or a merchant?"

The priest could scarcely suppress a groan, as he calmly answered:

"Thy father is a gondolier, my son."

"Truly! a gondolier. Say'st thou so, *padre mio?*" Angelo's eyes shone. "But thou—wouldst thou have me go?" He kissed the priest's hand, clinging to it as he turned upon him a look of fond affection.

"Yes, Angelo, if thy heart incline thee, go. It shall be as thou wilt, dear child."

It was bravely spoken, and with infinite tenderness, but the padre's whole being was shaken. Great drops of sweat stood like beads on his white forehead. He must have fallen but for the strong supporting arm of Angelo, who, pitying, comprehended not.

Not many hours later, hand in hand, the two friends threaded the narrow streets of a quarter of the city hitherto unknown to Angelo. As they went, Padre Giovanni told the lad the story of his life—as much, at least, as sufficed to satisfy his curiosity about himself—and happiness is not over exacting. If Angelo evinced more gratitude for the mere act of saving his life than for the love which had followed him so faithfully, who shall cast the first stone? If sorrow at parting with his foster-father was tempered by the thought of that unknown parent whom he was soon to meet, who shall marvel? Were there no self to overcome, where would be the need of an evangel? Angelo was about to realise the full fruition of his dream. The prospect filled him with joy, yet who shall say that he did not love the padre sincerely?

At last they stopped before a tall house, dingy and weather-beaten. In the moment before entering, they stood together in the damp loggia regarding one another tenderly. Then the padre embraced Angelo, and with faltering voice fervently blessed him:

"Be a good son, my child. Thy mother mourns thee as one dead. See to it that she repent not the day thou art found. God keep thee, Angelo!" whispered the priest, and was gone.

The miracle which was wrought that day in the name of the Church was greater by far than ever before was done by priest, or nun, or sacred relic. It had indeed pleased God to hear Lucia's prayer and restore her boy.

Aged with sorrow, Padre Giovanni had set forth to bestow all that he had upon strangers. When he returned it was with a face illumined, and the heart of a child.

C. Emma Cheney.

A GRAND NEW SERIAL
Starts in SHORT STORIES dated June 12th, entitled, "The Eye of the Sun," by Fred Whishaw, author of "The Bos'n of the Terrible." It is profusely illustrated by Ben Hutchinson.

Digitized by Google

A PUPIL OF VOLTAIRE.

"I have a favour to ask of you on behalf of the Pichons. These Pichons are a family of domestic servants who have been transplanted in Paris for the benefit of my niece. One of the Pichons has just died, leaving several little Pichons behind him. I have requested that one of them be sent to me to bring up.

"I now learn that this particular little Pichon is, at the present moment, in the basket of the diligence; have the goodness to find out for me. Send him to us from basket to basket, and you will have performed a good action; I would rather bring a Pichon to manhood, than serve a king, were he King of the Vandals."

The Pichon whom Voltaire recommended so warmly to M. Tronchin in this letter, which has since become classic, did not arrive so promptly as his illustrious protector—who was promising himself great future gratification—in his impatience, could have wished.

"I prophesy well of this little Pichon," he would say, snuffing a delicate pinch of Spanish tobacco. "These children of the people are sometimes singularly gifted. I will form him myself; he will not be the first adept recruited to philosophy from the lower walks of life. He will be my little Jean Jacques!"

And with this shaft aimed at his rival and particular aversion, the malicious old man rubbed his hands in glee.

At last, one fine morning, the human package was delivered at Ferney. He proved to be a shaggy urchin of about ten years, timid and something heavy witted.

Brought into the presence of the master of the house, who examined him from the depths of his easy chair, he stood awkward and ill at ease, pulling at a string of straw-coloured hair that fell over his forehead and smearing the carpet with mud from his shoes, in a clumsy scrape that passed for a reverence. Then, embarrassed and mute, he hid his eyes behind his elbow and shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

The philosopher tried him with a few questions. Unfortunately, in spite of the flattering predictions that had been made, the youthful Pichon (Jean Baptiste) possessed none of the brilliant dispositions of the little Arouet who had dazzled Ninon de l'Enclos' circle with his precocious intelligence and lively wit.

He was no prodigy, he was simply an ordinary child of very limited capacity, quite indifferent to the majesty of him who was already called "King Voltaire."

The basket from which he descended (a sort of wicker case suspended at the front of the coach) had communicated to him, thanks to the close neighbourhood of the horses, a very perceptible odour, which disagreeably affected the olfactories of M. de Voltaire, who, in spite of his democratic tirades, had passably aristocratic tastes and the dainty ways of a dandy. So with a grimace and a hand to his nostrils he began by consigning his future disciple to the kitchen.

But the next day, returning to those educational projects which had inspired him to write so pretty a letter, the patriarch of Ferney deigned to give the well-scrubbed, brushed, and tidied Jean Baptiste his first lesson.

The apprenticeship was hard to both.

The country boy, brought up by an aged grandmother to tend her geese and turkeys, and scarcely able to spell a few words out of his old prayer-book, did not understand the first word of the long explanations his improvised schoolmaster entered into—and patience was the least of his master's virtues, although it is supposed to be the dominating one of the sage.

Stormy sessions ensued in which the pitiless railler whose tongue had found such bitterness with which to lash the "King of the Vandals," by no means spared humble Pichon.

And thus it came about that while everyone was going into ecstasies over his good fortune; while the philosopher's heirs were becoming uneasy, and the servants jealous, the poor little fellow was often so miserable that he would run away off into the fields by himself and cry.

How much he would have preferred a rustic cottage with black bread, eaten in mirth and washed down with clear water, to the sumptuous chambers and the savoury food of the château; or the dilapidated costume of the little shepherds running barefoot through the mountains, to these severe black garments which transformed him into a miniature Genevan minister, stiff and solemn.

Never would he have had the courage to endure this life had it not been for the profound gratitude he bore towards his protector (heavily as this protection weighed upon him) and his friendship for Marie.

Marie was the Ferney milkmaid; a little Swiss girl, as pretty as a peach in her red fustian and velvet corselet. Her ease of manner and saucy grace contrasted with Jean Baptiste's awkward timidity, and her affection for him took on a shade of motherliness. M. de Voltaire could never have caused her a tremour with all his wig and his gold eyeglasses. Just from the pretty assurance of her salute when she happened to cross his path it was easy to see that he did not intimidate her in the least; ah! no indeed!

"What a goose you are!" she would say to her little friend. "Leave all those tiresome books that bother you so, tell the master you are not going to study any more, and come and work on the farm with my cousin Jacques."

He shook his head. He would have liked to follow her advice but he had not the courage. Then in pity at his weakness: "Let us study together," said the girl.

And, seated beside each other on the grass, while the cows grazed around them, she leant over his shoulder and set to work to solve the problems that were perplexing him.

Her bright, receptive mind made her much quicker of comprehension than her companion, and it seemed as though only for passing through her rosy lips the most difficult lesson became clear and easy. Jean Baptiste soon contracted the agreeable habit of carrying on his studies in this way.

"You are the one M. de Voltaire should take for a pupil," he would often exclaim in his admiration.

"I would far rather keep to my milking stool," she would make laughing reply.

At the setting of the sun, Jacques, coming down from the mountain whistling the "Ranz des Vaches," would collect, on his way home, dairymaid and cows; and Jean Baptiste's heart would sink as he watched them joyously return to the farm.

Thanks to this system of study, the pupil made rapid progress, the credit for which his learned professor took entirely to himself, ignorant of the fact that he had a petticoated co-labourer.

"If only God will spare my life,
Little Pichon shall be 'Great.'"

he would repeat with conviction. Certainly, this, as an education, was fully up to the standard of Émile's.

When the eighty-year-old Voltaire was seized with a desire to see again that Paris he had left thirty years before, he took his pupil with him in the capacity of secretary.

This favour, which made him an object of envy to all, threw desolation into the soul of the poor youth, whom it separated from his kind little friend. But he docilely followed his master, sustained by the prospect of ultimate return, and intoxicated, just a little, perhaps, by that magic word, Paris.

And at Paris, for a fact, the secretary of M. de Voltaire became quite a personage; the glory of the great man irradiated him. He had his flatterers and his courtiers who encumbered the ante-rooms, waiting to cull from his lips some sally of wit or biting epigram which they could immediately spread about. Duchesses, eager to obtain a glimpse of the great man's august wig, humbled themselves so far as to beg "Monsieur Pichon" to allow them to take a peep.

And "Monsieur Pichon" swelled with pride at his own importance, said "Our tragedy" when he spoke of "Irene," which he was copying, and quite forgot his rustic friend.

The awakening was cruel.

When M. de Voltaire died, our Pichon, whom he had neglected to mention in his will, became simple Pichon again; just what he was when they took him from the basket of the diligence.

Did his heart turn to Marie then? Did he long for the little Swiss town once more? Yes, but false pride held him back. Besides, he who had once been secretary of M. de Voltaire could never take up a peasant's work again; his arms had lost in strength what his mind had gained in knowledge.

He was obliged, therefore, to nourish himself with the honey of science which had at first been fed him so against his will, and to mingle with the buzzing ranks of of those pseudo-philosophers who might fitly be termed "M. de Voltaire in small change." He was secretary successively to M. Condorcet, M. J. Chenier-Bailly, until at last he landed in the household of Collot-d'Herbois, who had played in Voltaire's tragedies before he had come to write one of his own—in blood. Pichon was an obscure, disappointed, embittered man, and he assisted an impassive, uninterested spectator of the fearful sacrifices of the Reign of Terror.

One morning he was engaged in opening a voluminous correspondence when the noise of a discussion reached his ears, and in a moment a woman burst through his door, and threw herself weeping at his feet.

"My husband, citizen; give me back my husband," she moaned.

"I am not Collot-d'Herbois, citizens," said the secretary coldly. "He sits in the Tribunal."

"The Tribunal that has just condemned my Jacques?" she cried, wringing her hands. "Oh, it cannot be. I must see him—speak to him. He knows me, I used to take him milk at the theatre in Geneva."

"What is your name?"

"Marie Cordier, wife of Jacques Bosson."

"Marie——"

He looked at her with eager eyes, searching her distorted features for some far-off memory.

"Do you not know me?" he stammered with fast-beating heart.

She gave a cry of joy.

"Jean Baptiste!" and threw her arms about his neck. It was indeed his old-time companion, the pretty dairy maid of Ferney.

With touching simplicity she told him her story. She had felt very badly when he did not come back to Ferney, had wept many tears, but, fortunately, Jacques was there, her poor Jacques whom she had so neglected and snubbed; he had shown himself so true and tender, so devoted, that he had finally consoled her grief. Insensibly she had been led to forget the forgetful one, and when Jacques had left to go to Versailles, where Mme. Elizabeth was organising a Swiss farm, she had shed almost as many tears as at the departure of Jean Baptiste.

Soon the good princess, touched by this rustic romance, reunited the lovers, married them, and made Marie mistress of the dairy at Montreuil.

"Oh, but since you are here, since you know all these blood-thirsty savages, you can tear my husband from them," went on the little woman volubly.

He protested feebly. It was impossible. Collot-d'Herbois would not listen to a word.

"Not a word?" she repeated indignantly. "I'll find a way to make him listen to me."

She spoke with all her old saucy audacity, then, in a pleading tone; "I beg of you, friend, save Jaques—your old comrade, my husband."

"It is just because he is your husband," he replied in smothered tones, in which all his hate was expressed.

She stood for a moment, hesitating to comprehend. "You refuse?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, pitilessly.

She looked him in the face without a word, then she scornfully wiped her cheek as though to remove all traces of the kiss he had given her, and left the room.

Jean Baptiste's head sank into his hand, and he became lost in thought.

She had been the good angel of his youth, the consoling fairy who had never once repulsed him; now he had repulsed her most cruelly by his refusal. Was he then worse than the monsters that surrounded him?

Remorse pierced his heart; he felt a fierce desire to repair his inhumanity to save his rival. But how? By pleading? He knew prayers were utterly in vain. By trickery? A wild, heroic idea shot through his mind. "Why not?" he murmured. "The executioner will have his full complement of heads, and she will be obliged to weep for me."

The next day Marie was at the Barrière du Trone awaiting the approach of the funeral carts. Since her effort had not availed to save her husband, the courageous little woman was at least determined to be near him at the last.

Suddenly she felt a hand fall upon her shoulder and a voice murmur in her ear:

"Marie!"

"You, you! free!" she gasped, trembling. "How? Who did it?"

"Our friend Pichon, who brought me a permit he said you had sent me."

"He? Ah, noble heart! Where is he?—I must—"

Here a cry was strangled in her throat. A condemned man had just appeared upon the platform—it was he.

His glance wandered over the crowd, and finally rested upon the faces of his mute, terror-stricken friends.

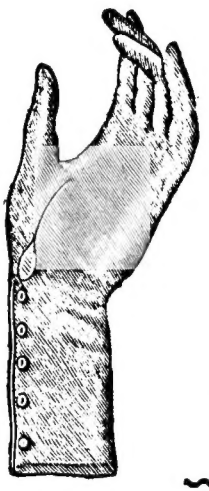
His lips moved in a smile, then, bravely, he threw himself under the knife.

There was the flash of steel, a thud. From "basket to basket," little Pichon has at last come to roll into that of the guillotine. Arthur Dourliac.

Digitized by Google

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY

Direct attention to their unequalled variety of



GLOVES

for Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Wear.

Warehouse Prices!
Single Pairs Sold!!

Send for a Detailed Price List (Illustrated) free by post.

The London Glove Co.,

45a, Cheapside, E.C., and 83, New Bond St., W.

JOLLY'S "DUCHESS" PILLS

For Pale Faces. Anæmia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many pale faces we see at the present day. Anæmia is usually accompanied or followed by Indigestion or Debility, Irregularity, Depression of Spirits, Fatigue, Faintness, Nausea, Headaches, Pains in the Side and Back, Palpitation and Coughs. If neglected, more serious affections frequently follow. Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore colour, health, strength, and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion. A box containing 60 doses, sufficient to cure any ordinary case, post free 2/6, or six boxes for 12/6, from

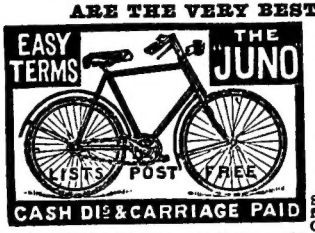
BRITISH DRUGGISTS Ltd.,
219, Oxford Street, London, W.

BLACKHEADS

or "Maggots," Pimples, Blotches, etc., immediately and permanently removed by my Skin Cleansing Lotion, "CUTISOLINE." Never fails. Hundreds of testimonials. Post free with directions, 1/6, 3/- and 5/-. AUSTIN LENNOX, Skin Specialist, 1, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, LONDON.

"JUNO" CYCLES

ARE THE VERY BEST.



RIGID. LIGHT. SWIFT.

JUNO Lady's Safety, £12 12s. 21s. monthly.

Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any part of the world. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO. LTD., 75 and 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.

N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.

New JUNO RIDING SCHOOL, 1,700ft., now open.

SULPHOLINE LOTION,

For clearing the skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

SHILLING BOTTLES.

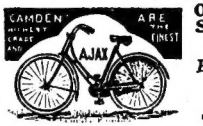
BLUSHING

Permanently cured. A Pamphlet giving sound practical advice and particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—Prof B. L. HOLT, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

DEAFNESS CURED.

On receipt of stamped envelope, a lady who cured herself of Deafness and Noises in the Head, after fifteen years of suffering, will send to all afflicted free particulars of the Remedy, which is simple, safe, sure and inexpensive. Address—Mrs. C. E. AUSTIN, 2, Lambeth Square, London, S.E.

Fully Guaranteed. Lists and Testimonials Post Free.



Over 1,000 New and Second-hand Cycles on Sale or Exchange.

Easy Terms to suit all.

Tuition Free in School to Purchasers.

TRADE SUPPLIED.

BRITISH CYCLE MANUFACTURING CO. Ltd.,
42, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A lady will send, on receipt of stamped envelope, free particulars of a new French Remedy, which permanently removes all Superfluous Hairs, *without injuring the skin.* Address, in confidence, Madame F. B.," c/o Fontaine et Cie., 1, Piccadilly Circus, London.

RED NOSES

Permanently cured in a few days by a simple, inexpensive self-treatment. Particulars free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to Dr. A. M. CURTIS, York Chambers, Adelphi, London, W.C.

THE WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN.

MARK TWAIN says: "The 'WIRT' is an absolutely perfect reservoir pen compared with which all other pens are frank failures."

PRICES: 10/6; with Gold Mounts, 13/6 and 16/6. Special Pens for Presentation, encased in Sterling Silver, **27/6 and 29/6.** All pens fitted with 14-carat Gold Nibs, Iridium Pointed, which should last a life-time. Broad, medium, or fine nibs to suit any hand. Catalogue sent post free on application.

THE WIRT FOUNTAIN PEN CO. LTD., 1, GRESHAM BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.

Answers to Correspondents.

With this copy of *Short Stories* you are presented gratis with a four-page illustrated leaflet. One portion of it is devoted to explaining in a concise manner the aims and objects of the Fresh Air Fund, and the two inside pages are arranged for the benefit of those readers who feel sufficiently interested in the Fund to collect on behalf of the children. I feel sure you will not disregard these remarks. Even though you do not feel disposed to assist by actually collecting, surely you won't refuse to return the leaflet—together with a sma' wee subscription.

A. P.—It does seem melancholy that so many of the Jubilee souvenirs now being sold in England are German made, but so long as the British public continue to support cheap and nasty fancy goods in preference to the more expensive but substantial British manufactured knicknacks, this state of affairs will continue to exist.

Batsman.—The Surrey Cricket Eleven was established in 1844, and consequently is the oldest of the county clubs. Lancashire dates its beginning from 1866.

Student.—Ten or twelve ounces is the weight of the heart of the average adult.

X. X.—The Lord Mayor of London receives an annual salary of £10,000 from the Corporation, although this sum is generally considered insufficient, in view of the many calls upon his purse during His Lordship's tenure of office. Thus it may be taken that London Lord Mayors are always very wealthy men.

B. C.—There are several seaside places in Great Britain which claim the title of "Queen of watering places," but Brighton is probably the most persistent in this direction.

X.—(1) *S.S.* has nothing to do with politics, so that it is impossible for us to agree or disagree with your opinions. (2) The London Water Companies make a profit of something like £1,100,000 every year.

R. G.—The first silver coin struck in England was the ancient silver penny.

A. J. inquires as to what trade has produced the largest number of wealthy individuals?——The brewery and distillery interests, we should imagine, considering that nearly all the larger distillers and brewers are, if not millionaires, extremely wealthy.

X.—You must not send money in a letter without registering the letter beforehand. If you do the other party will have to pay a double registration fee of 8d.

Rab.—The Britisher and the American are the only people who fight solely with their fists. The Frenchman mostly uses his feet to vanquish his opponent, whilst the German adopts a blend of both for the same purpose.

A. E.—Only one person out of twelve in Great Britain is a regular churchgoer.

Inquirer.—Most of the cheap imitation ostrich feathers are manufactured in the East-end of London.

Anxious.—Certainly you can marry your second cousin if you wish. The widespread belief that such marriages are illegal is quite an erroneous one.

B. S.—The human voice has nine distinct tones. Thanks for your suggestion, but it has been made before.

T. Moore.—There is not, nor is there likely to be, any change in regard to wearing the Victoria Cross. The decoration was instituted in 1856, and is awarded to military and naval officers and men for conspicuous bravery.

E. S. G.—Yes; earthquakes are sometimes felt at sea.

Bridget.—The Norwegian word for "Love" is "kjaerlighedans." I should advise you to confine yourself to the English interpretation, it is much easier to pronounce, and I dare say your *fiancé* would infinitely prefer it.

C. C. T.—There are far more women workers in Great Britain than in any other country in proportion to the population. Twelve per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

R. B.—You have been misinformed. There is no such thing as a singing fish.

Tim is a "bit of athlete," as he modestly describes his muscular powers, and consequently very naturally enjoys reading about the feats of fellow athletes. He is not content, however, with the very meagre space allotted to sports in the majority of newspapers, and suggests that there ought to be a splendid opening for a publication that caters solely for sports and gives less attention to horse-racing. Undoubtedly there is an opening for such a paper as Tim describes, and we can speak from experience, for the *Athletic Record*, although but a few weeks old, is going strong.

Frank.—An oyster takes five years to grow to maturity. All the oysters on the market are at least five years old, but some are a good deal older.

S.—Greenland, we believe, is the only inhabited country free from cats. Probably most people will think this is well, considering that the nights in that happy country are six months long.

Cockney.—Probably the most remarkable railway station in Great Britain is to be found on the branch of the Cambrian Railway near Vyrnwy. It goes by the name of Brongwyn, and possesses neither booking-office, stationmaster, or porter. When a passenger desires to start from the station, he manipulates a signal placed for the purpose, which stops the train. His fare is taken at the end of the journey.

D. C.—No, pennies were not always made of copper; originally they were made of silver.

G. T. T.—(a) Yes; fashionable men now wear their hair much longer than hitherto. (b) No; the number of marriages is declining.

T. W. C.—It is impossible for you to get an order to view the Stock Exchange during business hours; in fact, I am afraid you would find it difficult to get one at any time.

W. R.—All articles of value found in the ground belong to the Crown, and not to the person who discovers them.

Blossom.—A good way of telling if pencil marks have been erased from paper: Hold it over the steam of a kettle, and if the slightest pressure has been made by a pencil it will be distinctly shown.

Reg.—On an average some fifty-five people meet with a violent end every week in London.

S.—The largest gun-making establishment in the world is Krupp's at Essen, where some 20,000 people are employed.

Notice to Competitors.

In all Prize Competitions the Editor's decision is final. No correspondence will be entertained when once a competition is finished and the result published.

POSTAL RATES.

Short Stories will be sent direct from these offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:

One Year	6s. 6d.
Half Year	3s. 3d.
Three Months	1s. 8d.

Printed and Published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., at "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

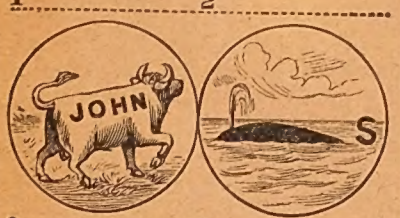
Digitized by Google

THE NEW LEMONADE.

Many people suffer from extreme thirst during the hot weather. Messrs. Foster Clarke & Co. have supplied the want that has long been felt by making a concentrated lemonade. It is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage is that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemonade orchards. The lemons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformation into the Eiffel Tower Concentrated Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two gallons) for fourpence halfpenny. If you cannot get it from your Grocer, send sixpence to G. Foster Clark & Co., 290, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

NEW PICTURE PUZZLES

1 2



3 4

THE EMPIRE WATCH COMPANY will PRESENT to EVERY CLEVER PERSON filling in the correct solutions to the above puzzles (being the names of well-known countries) ONE of their SPLENDID EMPIRE WATCHES, Lady's or Gent's. These Watches, which are well known throughout the World, have SOLID SILVER CASES, Jewelled Movements, and are RELIABLE TIME-KEEPERS, marked in our Special Silver Watch Catalogue at £2 2s. each. Please send us your Answer AT ONCE, together with a Stamped Addressed Envelope, to know if you have WON the Prize. If so, and you Purchase one of OUR FASHIONABLE SOLID SILVER ALBERTS, which are HALL-MARKED ON EVERY LINK, to use with our Magnificent Empire Watch, we CONTRACT TO FORWARD YOU THE ABOVE PRIZE, securely packed in a Handsome Case, Free by Regd. Post. In order to assure the Public that this offer is genuine we GUARANTEE TO RETURN ALL MONEY IN FULL to every Competitor if on arrival the articles are not approved—provided they are returned same day as received and in same condition. Hence we say THIS Offer "Beats all Record."

OUR ONLY ADDRESS:

THE EMPIRE WATCH COMPANY,
GRAYS, near LONDON.

Please Mention this Paper.

DRUNKENNESS CURED.

On receipt of stamped envelope a lady will gladly send free particulars of a simple remedy which cured her husband (without his knowledge) of the craving for Alcohol, to which he had been for twenty years a victim. Address, in confidence, Mrs. L. A. Norris, 7, Addington Crescent, York Road, London, S.E.

BLUSHING PERMANENTLY CURED

On receipt of stamped envelope, a lady will send to all those afflicted, free particulars of a simple, harmless, and inexpensive self-treatment, which has permanently cured her daughter and hundreds of others of both sexes. Address, in confidence, Mrs. F. R. AUSTIN, 2, Lambeth Square, London, S.E.

HAIR DESTROYED.

A doctor's widow knows of a simple, inexpensive remedy that permanently destroys the roots, and will forward particulars free to all those afflicted sending stamped envelope.—Address, Mrs. B. D. WOOD, 179, Westminster Bridge Road, London.

SILVER WATCHES GIVEN AWAY.

In commemoration of "Her Majesty's Record Reign," we intend presenting every person in the British Isles with a **SOLID SILVER WATCH** (listed at 42s.). To gain this, send the answer to above and a stamped addressed envelope to know if correct. If so, we simply stipulate that you shall purchase one of our English Silver Chains to wear with the Presentation Watch. Note.—Money refunded if dissatisfied.—**Finch & Co.**, 280, Strand, London.

STOP

PAYING RENT, and go to the United States, where you can own a Five-acre Freehold Farm for occupation or investment, only **£20**. Beautifully situated, convenient to Philadelphia, close to railway station. To be sold on instalments of 4s. per week. New Settlement, Increasing Population, Capital Investment. Title insured. Send at once for full information to **D. L. RISLEY, 63, Chancery Lane, London.** Offices also in Philadelphia and New York.

TOO STOUT

If you require a reliable remedy for the relief of superfluous fat, send for a box of my **"H.D."** Pills. No starvation required; you may eat and drink what you like, yet I guarantee to either sex a permanent reduction of 5lb. to 7lb. weekly. They are a harmless vegetable preparation; successful in the most stubborn cases, and improve health and figure. Their action is rapid, certain, safe, tasteless, and highly recommended. Prices, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., post free, plain wrapper. **Professor F. T. Holt**, Argyll Chambers, West Strand, London.

"DRUNKENNESS"

CURED. A Lady having cured her husband secretly of intemperate habits, will gladly send particulars of the remedy on receipt of stamped envelope.—Mrs. S. S. Barrington, 4, Featherstone Bldgs., London, W.C.

A LOVELY FIGURE

with *full, perfect, natural Bust*, obtained by a simple, inexpensive & f treatment. Success guaranteed. Highly approved and recommended by the Medical Profession. For testimonials, press opinions, and free particulars, send stamped envelope in confidence to Madame "B. J.," Oriental Toilet Co., 87, Strand, London.

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE AND GRAND PROCESSION.

MILLIONS OF MONEY will be spent in seats alone to witness this, the most imposing spectacle of the 19th Century, and in order that **EVERYONE** may obtain a **LASTING AND VALUABLE MEMENTO** of the grand scene, we have decided to supply a **BEAUTIFUL NICKEL-PLATED SNAPSHOT HAND CAMERA** to all persons likely to witness the procession, and to give a **VALUABLE MONEY PRIZE** for every snapshot picture of **HER MAJESTY** taken by our camera on that date.

Our Diamond Jubilee Camera is a **PERFECT LITTLE GEM**, made entirely of metal **BEAUTIFULLY PLATED**, and illustrates, one of the great scientific discoveries of this reign, for it takes **EXQUISITE PICTURES** by merely **PRESSING THE TRIGGER**, and is so small it can be carried in the pocket; yet upwards of 50 pictures can be taken of the procession and surroundings by each person, and no previous knowledge of photography is necessary to obtain a **VALUABLE PRIZE**. Each applicant for a camera **MUST INCLOSE 5/-**, for which he will receive, post free, this **MARVELLOUS GIFT**, comprising camera, dry plates, and instructions for use. Address:

THE DIAMOND PHOTO SYNDICATE,
422, KINGSLAND ROAD, LONDON, N.E.

HAIR DESTROYED.

On receipt of stamped addressed envelope a lady will send to those afflicted with Superfluous Hairs, free particulars of a simple remedy which *permanently* removed a large growth from her sister's face without injuring the skin. Address, in confidence, Miss E. R. Dale, 26, Belvedere Rd., Lambeth, London.

BLUSHING.

Particulars of a self-treatment for a permanent cure, as prescribed by eminent physicians of the U.S.A., forwarded free to all sufferers on receipt of stamped addressed envelope to Dr. B. F. Field, 16, York Buildings, Charing Cross, London, W.

TOO THIN IN THE BUST.

Ladies desiring any improvement in this direction should send me stamp for free particulars of a simple, inexpensive, harmless self-treatment, whereby a *full natural bust* can be obtained. Address, in confidence, Mrs. B. K. Norris, 7, Addington Crescent, York Road, London, S.E.

SINGER'S GIFT MACHINES.—"SHORT STORIES" COUPON.

NO PAYMENT OF ANY KIND WHATEVER.

100 SEWING MACHINES, VALUE OVER £1,000,

Given Away to Celebrate the Queen's Long Reign.

Applications received only from residents in Great Britain and Ireland. Only one application accepted from any family during the whole period. Employees of the Company are excluded. The Company's decision is final in all cases.

FIVE MACHINES AWARDED EACH WEEK
FROM MARCH 29th.

For further particulars see "Pearson's Weekly," April 24th, or apply to SINGER'S BRANCHES.

Fill up this Coupon, or give same information by letter, and send at once to

The Singer Manufacturing Co., 42 & 43, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.

ANYBODY CAN APPLY. ONCE ONLY.

EVERYBODY SHOULD APPLY.

Full Name .....
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.)

Address (Street) .....

Town ..... *County* .....

Have you a Sewing Machine? .....

What Make? ..... *How old is it?* .....

Envelopes to be marked "GIFT MACHINES." Postage One Penny.

Stand Back and Then Look.

"Madam," said a wise old physician to a woman who had brought a feeble, anæmic, and poorly developed daughter to him for examination. "Madam, the treatment of this girl should have been begun two hundred years ago."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I don't understand what you mean."

"Probably not, madam," replied this student of men and of medicine, "and you wouldn't even should I try to explain it."

How do you best see a picture on a wall? Why, by standing back and looking through your hollowed fist or through a tube. Well, then, let us first read Mrs. Coombe's letter, and afterwards get a little of what painters call *perspective* on it, and see if we can understand the lesson it teaches.

"In the spring of last year, 1895," she says, "I had an attack of pleurisy, which left me low and weak. Subsequently I could not get up my strength, do what I would. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had severe pains about my chest, at my side, and between my shoulders. I had muscular pains in my arms and shoulders—in fact, all over me. I got little or no sleep, and felt quite worn out in the morning.

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker and was scarcely able to get about. I came to be so low that I thought I never should be better again. I saw a doctor and took medicines, but nothing did me any good.

"In December (1895) my sister who lives at Oxford told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Cooper, chemist, Oldbury Road, and after taking it found great relief. I could eat well, and food agreed with me.

"I now gained strength, and after taking four bottles was well as ever and free from all pain, muscular or otherwise. I know others who have been benefited by the same medicine. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) Charlotte Coombes, 177, Oldbury Road, West Smethwick, Birmingham, October 8th, 1896."

That is her letter—a plain, truthful, and well-written letter. But what do we see behind the simple facts as she sets them down? Is there anything suggested by that attack of *pleurisy* she speaks of? Was *that* the beginning? No. *Pleurisy* is the name given to an inflammation of the spaces or cavities in which the lungs rest. When the inflammation attacks the lungs themselves we call it *pneumonia*; if the bronchial tubes, *bronchitis*; and so on. But they are the same thing, from the same cause—namely, impure blood. When the blood is thus polluted, the smallest provocation—a slight cold—may set up any of the above ailments. Rheumatism (which Mrs. Coombes had) belongs to the same group or family of maladies.

But how comes that impurity or corruption of the blood in which these things arise? I'll tell you in the hope that you will remember it. Indigestion, dyspepsia, fermentation of food in the stomach, torpid liver, which leaves the bile acids in the blood instead of removing them, poisonous dirt and filth from the stomach getting into the circulation—that's where the trouble comes from. So we see that in cases of pleurisy, etc., there is always what the doctors calls a "history" of dyspepsia. Although this lady had keen dyspeptic symptoms *after* the pleurisy, a previous imperfection of her digestion—whether she realised it or not—laid the foundation for the pleurisy, the rheumatism, and all that followed.

Now *that* is what we see as we stand back and look. And this is the practical use you are to make of the knowledge: Take care of the condition of your stomach, and the *first day* you feel anything wrong with it, resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup without waiting to find out whether you are going to be worse or not. When your house takes fire you don't wait to see how bad it is likely to be; you *stop it* immediately. Do so with indigestion.

The old doctor was right in what he said to the woman about her daughter. The girl couldn't help the neglect of her ancestors; but we can do something towards taking care of ourselves.

Digitized by Google